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EGYPTIAN KEY

DECEMBER, 1943

Vol. 1

No. 4

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Table of Contents

Waiting for the Master....Front Cover
Photo by C. Cliff Grindle

The Open Door..... 3

We Must Not Be God-sakers
By Will Griffith..... 7

Christmas in Early Egypt
By Barbara Burr Hubbs..... 8

Idols of Egypt
IV. William Edgar Borah
By Will Griffith 10

Strip Tease
By Guyla Wallis Moreland.....16

Beauty in Egypt 17

Little Church of Peaceful Valley
By Karl W. Baumann.....18

Pontiac—Indian Chief
By Silvester E. Quindry.....20

Outdoor Egypt 24

Sports Afield 26

Looking Ahead with Egypt
By Will Griffith.....27

A Great Day Not Forgotten
By Bert R. Burr.....31

With Rod and Gun.....34

Great Fort on the Mississippi
By Virginia Caldwell
McAndrew 35

Egyptian Etchings
By Jule Le Nard.....38

Halfway House
By Barbara Burr Hubbs.....39

Lonesome Evening 40

The Mad Cossack
By Katharine Quick Griffith.....42

Egyptorials 48

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The Open Door

We're Glad You Like It

San Diego, (14) Calif.

I received my first copy of your magazine the other day, and was most pleased with the present. For anyone who lived or is living in Southern Illinois, this should be a welcome gift. There does not seem to be any phase of this particular section omitted; something about everything dealing with Southern Illinois.

A person cannot realize how much pleasure and benefit he can get out of just such a magazine as this, until he is away from his home town, and friends.

This publication is by no means limited to pleasure only. It should prove a great advertising agent for Illinois, which has never, in my estimation, been given its just rights in regard to living conditions and possibilities. This state is just as resourceful as some of the much discussed states, and its natural resources are just as good.

Your very efficient staff is doing a very commendable thing and I certainly hope they reap many and great rewards. The citizens of Illinois should be ever so grateful to you and your associates. Keep up the good work.

The only adverse comment I have to make is that the EGYPTIAN KEY is not published more often. However, I realize how much time is spent on research on the different topics, thus limiting your publications.

PVT. EVERETT MILLER, JR.
Btry. B-57 A. A. Trg. Br.

Camp Callan, 2nd. Plat.
P. S. My home is Carbondale.

Service Mail

Drew Field, Tampa, Florida

Your magazine, the EGYPTIAN KEY, will be placed in our Service Club library. I am sure the troops will enjoy it very much.

Chester K. Delano, Major

Camp Pinedale, Fresno, California.

We are very pleased to inform you that we have received the first three issues of the EGYPTIAN KEY.

We wish to thank the subscriber who so thoughtfully arranged that we might have this splendid magazine.

The magazines have already been made available to the men of this post, and we feel sure that they will derive many hours of enjoyment from the reading of them.

Ronald D. Glass, 1st Lieut.

Fort Lewis, Washington

I wish to thank you for the three issues of the EGYPTIAN KEY you so generously sent to the fellows at Fort Lewis. Gestures of this kind are greatly appreciated by the men in uniform. It is really a pleasure to them to have a home-town newspaper or magazine in their reading rooms.

In order to have a copy in each Service Club reading room, six copies will be necessary.

Alvin L. Merrill, Lt. Col.

U. S. Naval Training Station
Great Lakes, Illinois

I wish to express my appreciation for the copies of the EGYPTIAN KEY.

Since articles published in the KEY are very interesting, it is suggested that if possible additional copies be forwarded for distribution to some or all of the reading rooms located in the ten Recreation Buildings on the Station.

Wilton S. Clements, Lieut., U.S.N.R.

Camp McCain, Grenada, Mississippi.
Grenada, Mississippi.

We are in receipt of three issues of the EGYPTIAN KEY magazine and wish to take this opportunity to thank you and the citizen who subscribed to this publication.

We are placing these magazines in our libraries where our soldiers will derive many hours of pleasure from them.

Frank E. McWayne, Captain.

Scott Field, Illinois.

The first three issues of the EGYPTIAN KEY have been received and placed in our libraries. Our personnel will derive many hours of enjoyment from the reading of so interesting a magazine.

H. A. Vorhees, Major.

... It would make monotonous reading to print all the letters we have received from the camps where KEYS are being sent on subscription through the generosity of some of our readers. As can be seen easily there are entirely too few dollars being sent for KEYS for Fighters. It was with regret that we had to turn down the requests of the two officers for nine and for five extra subscriptions in order to place KEYS in all the recreation rooms in their camps.—Ed.

Thank You

I greatly enjoyed the third issue of the EGYPTIAN KEY and particularly the Logan article—so true. I've heard my dear mother tell those exact stories of the Logans. How interested she would have been in this magazine and your splendid presentation of those dear old friends of hers and the important role they played in Egyptian history.

It is a beautiful issue, with the views of the beauty spots of Southern Illinois and I shall take pleasure in showing it to my friends.

ELLOUISE SHEPPARD CLAYTON.

Duck Brothers

Chicago, Ill.

Quack, Quack, Friends—

The love of smoke and powder is in a man's blood. There are men who will travel thousands of miles to hunt lions and tigers. There are men who walk, ride, portage, and ski from one end of the globe to the other just to get a shot at some elusive animal. Hunting is in a man's veins. Personally I go for ducks. I'm a man who can give all for a box o'quackers. Give me the cold gray dawn—the foggy landscape—the first rays of the sun—then wake me up and tell me when the ducks

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come in. The one trouble about duck hunting is that you have to be smarter than the duck. That's where they get me—they fool me every time. I've squatted in a wet duck blind with cold slushing water up to my dollar watch, shivering and sniffling, waiting for the Mallards to come in, alert, eager for the kill—and then dozed off for forty winks—and waked up and there they'd be—and I'd level off and let 'em have it—and away they'd fly—and my wood blocks would spin around from the load of number six I'd poured into 'em. If ever they fly off with one of my wood decoys, I give up duck hunting.

Another thing I like to do is walk along a field at twilight and kick up a flock of Prairie-Chicken, listening to the floppy take-off as they lug their delicate meat into the wind—and I stand there waving at them, saying "goo-bye-now!"—for it is agin' the law to shoot Prairie-Chicken.

Another thing I like to do is shoot tin cans. Boy, can I shoot tin cans. That's something I've had a lot of practice doing. Off hand, I'd say that ninety percent of the time I went duck hunting I ended up shooting tin cans. If a duck ever comes by in a tin can, it hasn't got a chance.

A fellow gets a lot of time to think while he is duck hunting. I've figured out some pretty good deals while I was sitting in a duck-blind—and started out the next morning to work them out and found that some other coal man had already done it while I was out duck hunting.

I guess everybody's business will be like duck hunting for a few years. You'll have to learn to duck or deduct.

Uncle Hank,
Henry C. Woods,
Sahara Coal Co.
Omaha, Neb.

They Sure Do!

It is putting it mildly to say I have thoroughly enjoyed EGYPTIAN KEY. I have two daughters in Washington, who will enjoy seeing it I am sure, and, like myself, are enthusiastic over Southern Illinois! Wherever I have been, no persons or places have been superior or more attractive to me. They wear well and compare favorably to any.

ADELLA B. MITCHELL.

Replies to Editorial

Harrisburg, Illinois.

I have read your interesting editorial in the KEY on "What are going to do about Johnny." I am sure we all share your expressed concern about Johnny when he comes marching home from war. For one I am optimistic. I am not alarmed that his travel in all countries, his broadened experiences, and new visions, will make of him a wanderlust nor dissatisfy him with the kind of job he once enjoyed. Some will not care to come back to their old haunts, others will. Some will make new alliances in business, and likewise in matrimony, which will lead them to other parts of the country. There will be a shifting, but the boys will not come home with a wanderlust spirit. They are traveling under difficulties and with great inconveniences. They will not have seen the foreign countries under the conditions of the rich tourist, who sees only the best and

never the worst side of a country's life.

When our Johnnys come home they will find much to do. They will find the home life they left so much better than the life they have been enduring they will be happy to settle down. The greatest amount of complaining one hears is about the shifting from place to place by the army and navy. They are sick and tired of it. They will want one job and to that job they will stick. Johnny and his buddies will have learned how much easier a job is the longer one works at it and how difficult it is to learn a new routine. Accustomed to army life and its necessary regulations, they will not favor work stoppages, nor will radical political fomenters disturb their desire for stability. Johnny and his buddies will not only find jobs when they come marching home but they will be sought after for the very qualities they will have developed. We should be optimistic and not worry about Johnny, for if we could only know it, Johnny has been worrying about us. He has been worrying about how we old timers are going to adjust ourselves to the new peace time world. Is it not better to let Johnny work out his own salvation? That is what he wants to do.

S. E. QUINDRY.

... The EGYPTIAN KEY received two extremely interesting letters in reply to our editorial query: "What are we going to do about Johnny?" Mr. Silvester E. Quindry, of Harrisburg, takes an entirely different view of the problem.

Mr. Will Cox, of Carbondale, wrote us a most provocative letter, which was so lengthy we could not print it in the Open Door. While we do not agree with Mr. Cox in all his viewpoints, we did enjoy receiving his views on the matter.

The columns of the Open Door are open to anyone who cares to express an opinion on any pertinent subject. Letters should not exceed four hundred words and of course be in good taste.—Ed.

Flag Talk

Cobden, Ill.

Your story in No. 3 edition, appearing on page 12. I have been wondering if you knew about the old Revolutionary War flag that can be seen in Shawneetown, or could until recently. It is very well preserved but badly faded and is kept in a glass case in a drug store. The story is that Gen. Thomas Posey, officer in the American Revolution, carried this flag throughout the war. He died in 1840 and is buried there. This flag may now be in New Shawneetown.

A. N. Ehrhard

... EGYPTIAN KEY knows of the flag at Shawneetown. It is in the bank. The KEY has made considerable effort to find the facts about this flag. Inasmuch as no flag (Stars and Stripes) was carried by any of the land forces of the American Colonies during the entire Revolutionary War, there seems grounds to believe that some misunderstanding exists about the flag at Shawneetown. In view of the documented testimony of the leading experts on the American Flag, incontrovertible proof will have to be found in order to substantiate the claim. EGYPTIAN KEY will be glad to hear from anyone who can offer proof of the claim.—Ed.

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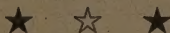
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Egyptian

KEY

OPENS THE DOORS OF SOUTHERN ILLINOIS

We Must Not Be God-sakers!

By WILL GRIFFITH

EGYPTIAN KEY has fulminated against the prejudice displayed toward Egypt. We have endeavored to arouse a virile interest in our citizens in the cause of Egypt. We have urged preparation for the future, we have preached the doctrine of attack.

The other day a friend took us to task. He told us "You have urged, but what are you urging? You have prodded, but what is it you want us to do?" We have taken to heart our friend's comments.

The famous English writer, H. G. Wells, once defined "God-sakers." His definition was "God-sakers: people who assemble in holy wrath and say, 'For God's sake, why doesn't somebody do something?' but who are helpless to do anything." The indictment aptly might apply to many of us Egyptians. We all want Egypt to progress. We all want Egypt to become the pregnant part of our State. We all want Egypt to be looked upon with favor by our neighboring Americans. We all want many visitors to our section. We all want prosperity, employment, peace, and happiness for ourselves, our children, and our fellow-citizens.

Are we all God-sakers?

Let us cease to implore the Divinity and take the burden upon ourselves. In that spirit EGYPTIAN KEY, since no other lamb has been offered to the sacrifice, tenders a chart for the course.

To those carping critics who will say "It can't be done," we reply in advance, "It can." Very little is impossible in this world if the decision is made and the continuing effort put forth. We offer nothing impossible. All that is needed is action and consistent action. That action can come only from loyal, far-seeing, energetic, citizens who are willing to work and serve without expectation of personal honor or gain.

That which is good for one community will be good for all the other communities of Egypt. It may take a month or six months for the neighboring towns to feel the reverberations, but feel them they will. With a resurgence in Egypt no one can say how far we can progress.

No claim for infallibility is made. No attempt at all inclusiveness. Our only endeavor is to crystallize the many desires expressed privately into a definite, and consequently, assured plan.

Egypt was the seat of the first settlers of Illinois.

Those pioneers brought to Illinois her first schools, her first businesses, her first professional men, and her first culture. We were combing our hair in Egypt before the hinterlands to the north were peopled by the white man. Egypt is the mother of Illinois. Egypt became shy and timid and as a result allowed the younger sections of the State to outstrip her in the modern race.

Now Egypt, with a revived spirit, with the stamina of her pioneer forebears, can outsmart and outdistance all other sections. All Egypt has to do is to get busy.

Egypt cannot attain her destiny through God-sakers.

We have had enough of hokey, enough of oratory, enough of this and that kind of planning, enough of surveys, enough of politics. What Egypt wants now is action. That action will not come from Missouri, or Montana, or from upstate. It must come from within Egypt.

The welfare of an area depends upon many phases of life. It is not an easy matter to survey a section and then chart a course for it to follow that will have a fair chance of succeeding. It is not possible to propose and have everyone in agreement. It is an easy task to light a good cigar, lean back in the chair, and dream. But dreams are seldom practical. Too many impractical ideas have been foisted on Egypt.

EGYPTIAN KEY has nothing whatever to gain through the performance of any or all of the suggestions made except a legitimate increase in its business which will be the same gain made by all others in Egypt. The future of the EGYPTIAN KEY is bound up with Egypt. If Egypt grows the KEY will grow. If Egypt fails to grab her opportunity, the KEY will not attain its desired niche. That is the only way we can profit by our suggestions.

Before attempting to chart the lines of advance, EGYPTIAN KEY consulted with many authorities, digested many reports from authoritative sources, national and state, listened to the pessimists and the optimists, threw away all inhibitions, and made the plunge. The result will be found in the article on page 27.

Sound the tocsin, ring the bell, blow the hooter. The call for action is winging down Egyptian trails. Who will lead the advance? Who will take up arms for Egypt? There must be no delay. There must be no holding back.

We must not be God-sakers.

Christmas In Early Egypt

By BARBARA BURR HUBBS

In pioneer days Christmas was celebrated without the modern "fixins" but withal just as merrily.

SMALL brown houses huddled companionably along a narrow street. Snow massed on the roofs, unbroken except where smoke rose in a blue vapor from the chimneys. Icicles fringed the low eaves. A peaked cap of snow heightened the belfry of the church. Firelight shone through small windowpanes. Cattle and poultry sheltered in sheds opening directly from the big kitchens. Footpaths broke the smooth white blanket of snow from doorstep to doorstep.

It was Christmas Eve on the banks of the Mississippi River in the latter part of the Eighteenth Century.

On Christmas Eve only the bedridden failed to attend the midnight mass. The church was garlanded with whatever greens could be dug out of the snow. The finest laces and linens decked the altar. The good father's breath smoked as much as the censer swinging in the chilled hands of his altar boy. Responses came muffled from the depths of *capotes* hooding men and women alike. As the people rose from their knees and stamped life back into icy feet, the bell-like cry of Christmas greeting filled the churchyard: "Noel, Noel, Noel! Blessed Noel."

Family groups assembled: aged parents, their married children, the chattering grandchildren, all to the remotest cousin. With flaring torches to light the way, each group moved off to the home of its patriarch. There the feast called *reveillon* was served, at *veille* on Christmas day.

This abundant break-fast proved the worth of days of preparation by the good French housewives. Game roasted on spits before the fireplaces, soup pots bubbled. Hard winter apples were brought in from pits in

the ground and hung on strings to roast before the fires. The lightest hand among the cooks was turned to the making of *croquecignolles*: confections blended of butter, brown sugar, eggs, milk, and flour. This dough was tossed on a board and cut into fancy shapes, then dropped into a kettle of hissing fat. When the puffed brown bits of pastry were passed, greedy fingers were scorched, reaching for the dainties too soon. The children vied to call the name of bird or beast each confection resembled, according to the fancy of the cook.

It was a feast never to be forgotten. The dancing, the jests, the singing; the feel of a hot, light *croquecignolle* in the fingers; the sharpness of red wine on the tongue.

Religious duties at the church filled the remainder of the day, but

Morning Star

Morning Star, O cheering sight!
Ere Thou cam'st how dark earth's night!

Jesus mine, in me shine;
Fill my heart with light divine.

Morning Star, Thy glory bright
Far excels the sun's clear light:

Jesus be, constantly,
More than thousand suns to me.

Thy glad beams, Thou Morning Star,
Cheer the nations near and far;

Thee we own, Lord alone,
Man's great Saviour, God's dear Son.

Morning Star, my soul's true Light,
Tarry not, dispel my night;

Jesus mine, in me shine,
Fill my heart with light divine.

Johann Scheffler, 1624-77.

in the early evening neighbors gathered at whatever house provided the largest room. Bright calimanco dresses whirled in the rounds of dancing; perhaps the older folk stepped off the statelier measures of the minuet. Refreshment was likely to be a pancake eating, where a corps of cooks stooped before the glowing coals of the fireplace, and tossed the crisp cakes over, then-out, with their long-handled pans. Each flying pancake was caught in eager fingers that rolled it, scooped up a generous helping of molasses from a handy bowl, then popped it into a welcoming mouth.

This was the simple, hearty gayety of the French in Illinois.

Then the Americans came from the country beyond the Ohio. Some held Calvinistic ideas; censored the merriment. Others joined the fun; added their own amusements. But in essence it was much the same, French or pioneer American. The French *bal* was play-party to the Americans. The dancing calls *dos à dos* and *chasser* became dosydoo and sashay. Shooting matches enlivened Christmas, and any other occasion. The American women introduced new delicacies to the feast. One they made of maple sugar, crab apples, and the tougher parts of roasted venison, all chopped together. They called it mince-meat, in memory of English Christmases their forebears had known.

The Christmas tree did not come to Illinois until the first of her German settlers came. Gustave Koerner described what he thought was probably "the first Christmas tree that was ever lighted on the banks of the Mississippi." It was Christmas of 1833 that his company of voluntary

exiles from the *Vaterland* celebrated according to their ancient customs in the new home where they sought political freedom. No evergreens grew near their farm home in St. Clair County, so a young sassafras tree was topped and trimmed and fastened into a pedestal. Some bright scarlet leaves still hung naturally upon the branches, and these were augmented with bits of colored paper, bows of ribbon, polished red apples, nuts, and all sorts of confectionery. Small wax candles illuminated the branches while the family gathered round their tree to hail the arrival of the Christ Child with songs and gifts.

Over at West Salem in Edwards County, where the Moravian Church was organized in 1844 by Germans who had lived for a time in North Carolina, family celebrations were secondary to love feasts held in the church on Holy Eve. Lighted tapers were distributed to the children of the congregation during the singing of a hymn depicting Christ as the Light of World. The minister's address had the same theme. Antiphonal singing by a soloist, the choir, and the children marked the Moravian service, with *Morning Star* and *Silent Night* the favorite hymns.

In the German homes of the Freeburg-New Athens area, the Christmas decorations featured the *Putz*. These traditional ornaments might show the manger at Bethlehem, the Magi and the shepherds, and the Star of the East. Or they might take a more secular turn and consist of a fairy tale grotto, or a castle among the hills with a lake upon which white swans float. The Christmas tree with festoons of tinsel, and tapers was never omitted. The *Hausfrau* closed one room while her preparations were in progress. The children first gazed upon the enchanted scene when Christmas Eve finally came, when the family gathered around the illuminated tree for a brief service of prayer and praise, then an exchange of gifts. The *Putz* was retained for several weeks, to be admired by all the relatives and friends who shared each family's Christmas feasting.

The simplicity, the wholesomeness, the combination of religious service and family festival with which the newly arrived Europeans greeted Christmas made sharp contrast to what they saw of rough American customs on the frontier. On Christ-

mas Eve of 1833 Gustave Koerner found the muddy streets of Belleville lively with Americans firing muskets, pistols, and even Chinese fire-crackers. These noisy salutes to the Christ Child (or the holiday spirit) were mere punctuation to the flow of spirits from the bowls of egg-nog or Tom-and-Jerry which each public house set out. Of course Koerner did not see the courtly habits of such homes as Ninian Edwards', where Christmas was celebrated as it would have been at some plantation in Maryland or Virginia.

"Christmas Gift!" was the greet-

waited to be opened at the breakfast table, a gift-laden tree at home or church, sleighing parties, candy pullings, games of forfeits provided the merriment. In the humblest homes, the celebration followed the same lines in simpler forms. The best ears of popcorn were saved for this Day of Days, the brightest apples were polished, the sweetest nuts of the forest gathered to complete the feast. Mothers baked sweet dough cut into "Jim Crows," as the local version of the gingerbread man was called, or fantastic animal shapes to be slipped into yawning stockings.



From Wild's Valley of the Mississippi

Winter scene in old Cahokia during the days of the French settlers.

ing that resounded in these houses patterned on the Old South. The first child or servant who so greeted the master or mistress on Christmas morning received a special gift. During the day when two friends met, the first to shout the merry words won the forfeit from the other. But the pleasant custom degenerated as it became more widely known. Children trooped from store to store, to make their levy upon the merchants: a toy or trinket here, a bit of ribbon or candy there. The pretty custom became an imposition, was frowned upon by public opinion, and fell into disuse.

As the frontier moved westward, as Christian homes multiplied, a sweeter and more sacred celebration of Christmas abounded. Mrs. John A. Logan recorded her memories of these holidays at Marion and Shawneetown during the eighteenthies. Well-filled stockings hung from the fireplace, more packages

Handwork and ingenuity provided the presents. Knitted mufflers, mittens, or lap-ropes from the women. Carved shelves, boxes, or a polished bread board from the men.

The Christmas tree in the Southern Illinois of our grandparents' young days was apt to be a community affair, raised at a church and provided with a gift for every man, woman, and child in the town. A fine evergreen was cut in the woods and carried to its place of honor by a caroling escort. Garlands of popped corn and of red and yellow berries from the woods, dried grasses arranged in ornamental clusters, oranges, lemons, apples, bows of bright colored chenille and knitting yarn were hung from the branches. Most of these decorations were cherished gifts at the end of the party, for in those days the annual Christmas orange was a treat that tempted small boys into regular Sunday school attendance.

Idols of Egypt

IV. William Edgar Borah

By WILL GRIFFITH

**A son of Egypt, who liked oranges, ice cream, and horses
and fought for the common people of his beloved country.**

FOR three decades, the mere whisper of a page-boy, "Borah is speaking," was sufficient to bring the hearer on the double to his seat in the United States Senate. Most senatorial speeches are made to empty seats. When Borah spoke the seats were filled. Every senator in Washington, physically able to attend, was in his place. The visitors' galleries were packed, the press box crowded.

Politicians grow on every bush. Statesmen are as rare as the bloom of the century plant.

Borah was a statesman—never a politician. When Borah spoke the Senate listened. Likewise the White House; Number Ten Downing Street, London; the Wilhelmstrasse, Berlin; the Kremlin, Moscow; the Imperial Palace, Tokio. Besides these, and much more important, the common people of the United States listened. Politicians are heard by comparatively few citizens. When a statesman speaks, the people listen.

Politics seems to flourish in the busy marts of industry. Statesmen usually come from the soil.

As Willie Borah trudged along the country road to Tom's Prairie School, as he straddled the furrows while plowing his father's field, as he went about the duties of a boy on a pioneer farm in Egypt, he absorbed a love of country, had injected into him an appreciation of the liberty of America, an understanding of the common people. These were the foundation stones on which he built his great career.

Born June 29, 1865, on his father's modest farm about six miles northeast of Fairfield in Wayne County, Illinois, William Edgar Borah was a descendant of the Borah who came to this country in 1760. Of Bohemian-German stock, the sturdy Borahs came to America to seek the freedom and opportunities not findable elsewhere on this globe. A Borah fought in the Revolutionary War. From Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, the family in due time moved westward to Butler County, Kentucky. There a settlement sprang up to be known as Borah, a post-office bearing the same name to remain until 1913.

From Kentucky, William E. Borah's grandfather, along with three of his brothers, crossed the Ohio River in 1820 and settled in Wayne County, Illinois. Two months after the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, in the shadow cast by the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, William E. Borah the son of William Nathan Borah was born.

William Nathan Borah was a stern, upstanding man. The Senator owed much of his rigid character to his father. His mother, Elizabeth West, was of Irish stock. From her, he inherited his native wit, his charming smile, his moodiness.

As a boy in Wayne County, he heard the first-hand

stories of the veterans of the Civil War and listened to the arguments of the Reconstruction Era. He felt the growing pains of the new Republican party. The young Borah read the family library—THE BIBLE, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Autobiography of Franklin*, *Biography of George Washington*, a few of Scott's novels. The newspaper he read frequently was the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*. The works of Robert G. Ingersoll, another son of Egypt, interested young Willie. It was not the philosophies of Ingersoll that appealed to the young Borah, but the style of expression.

When young Willie, at the age of sixteen, had completed the grade school course at Tom's Prairie school, his father sent him to the Academy at Enfield, Illinois. One year was sufficient for both Willie and the school. A stern principal did not approve of hopping rides on trains to the neighboring town of Carmi and as a result Willie stopped his formal education for several years.

A husky lad, Willie led the usual life of the country boy. Fights with other boys, sometimes winning and sometimes losing; long tramps in the woods; daily chores and Sunday "meeting"; county fairs in the summer time where his chief fascination was the horse racing. Early in life his love of horses was manifested.

While in the academy he had been poor in mathematics but good in Latin. History and literature were his favorite subjects. Whenever he had a chance to "speak a piece" he was happy. Once a Republican rally was held at Enfield. The speakers billed to orate for the assembled crowd failed to appear. After some delay, the quandary of the promoters of the rally was solved when young Borah was sighted in the crowd. The youth was asked to fill in and did. He began: "Chairman, jubilant Republicans, and disgruntled Democrats." This was the first public speech of Bill Borah. Praise God it was not his last.

As the lad grew to young manhood, the pioneer spirit began to work. His eyes turned toward the West. A sister, Mrs. A. M. Lasley, living in Lyons, Kansas, invited him to come there. He finished his high school work at Lyons, taught in a country school, read and studied law. In 1885, he entered the University of Kansas as a sub-freshman. The following year, his freshman work was interrupted, as he left the university in the spring of 1887 because of a threat of tuberculosis. Thus ended William E. Borah's formal education.

In his class at the University of Kansas were several young men who later wrote their names high on the scroll of our country. Among them were Herbert Hadley, a governor of Missouri; William Allen White, the famous editor of Emporia, Kansas; General Fred Fun-

ston; and Vernon Kellogg, director of the National Research Council.

Borah became a member of the Beta fraternity. As a frat member he was a washout. He took life too seriously. Even in those early days his inflexible honesty shone forth. A group of the fraternity stole four turkeys from a farmer and served them to the members at the frat house. Bill protested. When dunned for the turkeys, Bill found a five spot and paid for them, even though it turned out to be a practical joke. His brother frat members had to listen to quite a lecture from Bill on the principles of honesty.

Upon leaving college, Bill entered the law office of his brother-in-law, read a little law, and soon qualified for admission to the bar, a relatively easy accomplishment in those early days of the newer states. The firm became Lasley and Borah.

In 1890, Borah again heard the siren voice of the West and set forth upon his great adventure. Headed for Seattle, he soon found he could not make it due to his rapidly shrinking funds. A professional gambler Bill met on the train cited him to Boise, Idaho, as a good town. The young lawyer took the suggestion. Upon arrival, his money on hand inventoried \$15.75 and he had no further resources. Unable to effect a partnership with any of the twenty lawyers practicing in that frontier town of 2311 population, Borah opened up his office alone and started upon his career as a lawyer.

By the time Borah was elected to the Senate of the United States, seventeen years later, in 1907, he had an annual income of \$30,000 from his law practice. Not bad for the farm boy from far away Egypt, Illinois!

For thirty-three years Bill Borah served in the United States Senate. Most of those years, while technically known as "the Senator from Idaho," he was, in reality, "Senator at Large." Upon becoming a member of the United States Senate he ceased to practice law. His only clients were the people of the United States. Hunt the records through. Search and re-search. Find, if you can, instances when Borah was guilty of feeding at the pork barrel. There are none. Borah's interests were not limited by the boundaries of the State he represented. He had the long look, the national view, the statesmanlike vision.

To Borah the Constitution was a thing of reverence. It was the bulwark of our liberty. Many times, when attacks were made upon our Constitution, upon the American way as handed down from our founding fathers, Borah's voice, at first, was the lone one lifted in warning. Soon others would follow and the threats to our liberty again would be defeated.



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Senator William E. Borah in his office at Washington.

Borah listened to the voice of the people as it rolled down the slopes of the Rockies, picked up momentum in the Mississippi valley and leaped over the Appalachians. To him it was the voice of his country.

Borah was unusual in his philosophy of life. Not a church goer, he nevertheless was a religious man. Once when a reporter asked him if he believed there was a God, the inimitable Borah replied explosively, "Of course there is a God. This would be truly a hell of a place to live if there were no God."

A fairly heavy body, about five feet nine or ten inches in height, topped by a leonine head crowned with shaggy dark hair, made Borah a standout in any company. William Allen White described him in his college days as "a thick necked starry eyed boy with an Irish twitch when he smiled with his loose-lipped mouth, a twitch that looked as though he was scaring away a fly on his nose and lower jaw."

His resonant voice made him a successful pleader both before a jury and an audience.

He either was an advocate or a dissenter. A keen analyst of the plans of others, he was at his best fighting for them or against them.

Soon after Senator Borah arrived in Washington, the Capital became aware of the other Borah, his wife. In time they became designated as "Big Borah" and "Little Borah." Mrs. Borah had been Mamie McConnell, daughter of a governor of Idaho. Her charming personality, her poise, and her devotion to her husband soon were talked about in the national capital. Very little did the social set see of Bill Borah. He preferred the quiet of his home, of his study, of his library, or the joy of the outdoors, astride his horse, Jester.

Borah was a man of the people, not of the peers. Position, wealth, power, meant nothing to him.

Senator William E. Borah in Rock Creek Park, Washington

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One of the greatest fights of Borah's career was the one he waged against the League of Nations proposal. Along with Hiram Johnson of California, George Norris of Nebraska, Jim Reed of Missouri, Borah led the shock troops that made the entering wedge in the enemy's lines and opened the way to the final defeat of the League.

He stands unique as the one senator who refused an invitation to lunch at the White House. When the bitter fight was in progress between President Wilson and "that little band of willful men" who were fighting Wilson's League of Nations idea, the President wrote to Borah inviting him to dine at the White House along with several other senators and discuss the proposed league. The Borah reply was a classic. After expressing his appreciation of the invitation, he stated that if he attended the dinner, in accordance with established custom, his lips would be sealed on any items of a confidential nature; that he could not in honor divulge them. He wrote that it would not be fair to the President to accept his confidential information and not respect the confidence nor could he accept information he would not be free to pass on to his associates or to use in public debate. Therefore he would have to decline the invitation. An unheard of thing—a typical Borah action.

In the middle of his speech against the League of Nations, Borah uttered those words on "little Americans" so often quoted. The resonant vibrant voice rang out in clear tones of steel: "Sir, since the debate opened months ago those of us who have stood against this proposition have been taunted many times with being little Americans. Leave us the word Americans, keep that in your presumptuous impeachment, and no taunt can disturb us, no jibe discompose our purposes. Call us little Americans if you will, but leave us the consolation and the pride which the term, Americans, however modified, still imparts."

At the close of this speech, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, was in tears. Later Lodge said: "When I find myself in tears, I know I am listening to a great speech." Democrat Tom Marshall, Vice-President of the United States and at the time presiding over the Senate, wrote Borah a note: "May a mummy say that you almost galvanized him to life." From the newspaper boys came a note: "The Battalion of Death of the press gallery salutes the Mirabeau of the new freedom."

When President Franklin D. Roosevelt offered his Supreme Court plan, Borah made another of his great fights. He saw the measure could be defeated only by a coalition of Democrats and Republicans opposed to the idea. At a Republican caucus Borah stated: "This issue is bigger than the Republican Party. We must save the Supreme Court . . . Gentlemen, we must sacrifice every party advantage even if our party never returns to power, and stand with the Democrats who are willing to save our courts."

Ever an individualist in politics, he was a Republican, leaving that party only once. He supported that other son of Egypt, William Jennings Bryan, in 1896, in his campaign against William McKinley. Contrary to expectations Borah did not follow Theodore Roosevelt into the Progressive Party fold.

Borah, the unpredictable, cared not one whit about public opinion. He did what he felt was right without a thought of consistency. Borah could not endure making compromises — either with antagonists or with

principles. He was courageous but never foolhardy, conservative but not reactionary, liberal but not radical, progressive but cautious, suspicious of the new and untried and slow to relinquish the proven.

In debate Borah argued but never quibbled. Determined for his cause he was not contentious. Borah had the knack of differing without offending. Always courteous, the fairness of his manner disarmed his adversary. Never stooping to ridicule, sarcasm, or abuse, he could disagree without arousing antagonism. A precious voice, backed by compelling logic and sound argument, all couched in the simplest of language, made him a mighty pleader for the causes he championed.

Borah was popular with the newspaper men. He never high-hatted them. He never repudiated an interview. He never lied to the reporters. His own slips and mistakes he never thought of blaming on the boys of the press. He was no buck passer. He never whined nor complained.

Borah was human. Ray McKaig, writing in the *Boise Capital News*, relates a story of Borah seldom heard. In Moscow, Idaho, a great dedicatory service was held which was followed by a reception at the university, with Borah the guest of honor. Present were all the regents, deans, professors, and dignitaries of the college, the leaders of the social set of the community, and the men of wealth and prominence of that section of the state — all in formal attire. Borah was clad in a dark brown business suit.

Suddenly, above the low voiced, refined, conversational hum of the assemblage, loud voices and harsh sounds were heard as two lumberjacks of the timber country, clad in blue blouses and overalls, treading on their heavy boots, pushed their way through the crowd. Unshaven, they were a decided contrast to the other

guests. Their opening remark was: "We traveled one hundred miles to hear Bill Borah and lost out because of a flat tire. Now by God, we're going to see him."

Borah greeted them as warmly as he had any of the high brows, took them to one side, talked to them for fully fifteen minutes. The show meanwhile went on without its honored guest. The visiting professor from Harvard University was fascinated by the scene in the bay window. "Very unique; you know. Do you have many such experiences out here in the West? Do you know, I like it." With their hands full of the polite, skinny sandwiches, the lumberjacks started to leave, offered a labored apology for the intrusion, and then burst out "If you have any sense at all you'll vote for Bill Borah for president." They left, the Senator returned to his place in the reception line, the most serene person in the room. Lumberjack or college president, an American was all the same to Bill Borah.

Borah never accepted any money from the National Republican Committee. He never spent more than five hundred dollars upon a campaign. He never failed of re-election. Five times he was re-elected to the Senate. Perhaps the best characterization of Borah's code would be the lines from Brian Hooker's translation of Edmond Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*:

"What would you have me do?

Seek the patronage of some great man,
And like a creeping vine on a tall tree
Crawl upward, where I cannot stand alone?

No; thank you."

Borah stood alone. He was not unsocial, but he did not make close friends. What friends he had came to him as a matter of course. He sought no favors. By these methods he kept himself clear of entangling alliances; he retained his own self-respect; he remained honest in all his advocacies.

Birthplace of William E. Borah, six miles northeast of Fairfield.

Photo Courtesy Congressman J. V. Heidinger, Fairfield





Acme Photo

Senator Borah at home of his sister in Fairfield. Left to right: Delbert Berg, cousin; Chas. McCulougha; W. L. Grubb; Mrs. Mattie Rinard, sister; Miss Mary Eldon Flemming; Senator Borah; Miss Trula Scott; and Carl Borah, cousin.

When Senator Moses of New Hampshire styled Borah and some of his associates as "sons of wild jackasses," Borah's reply which ended the exchange was "Well — tame jackasses always wear collars."

Senator under seven different Presidents, he differed with all of them at times. He fought all of them at one time or another. He was in their bad graces continually. President Taft had his name removed from the social list of the White House. Yet all seven of the presidents respected Borah. They all knew he was beyond the touch of things mundane and low, that his honor was of the highest, and his love of his country as great as any ever known. Above the reach of presidents, he ever was the servant of the common man.

Oratory seems to come from the open spaces. Perhaps the boys of the soil recite to provide themselves company. Likewise memory seems to develop more with the same boys. Borah was an orator that charmed all who heard him. His memory was prodigious. His office staff frequently could hear the rumble of his voice as he read through two or three times some article, quotation, or poem, which thereby would be fixed so firmly in his memory that he could call it forth on occasion as desired.

When speaking the Senator did not read his speech. He spoke from very meager notes. His words flowed freely, his sentences well formed, his grammar and diction excellent.

Borah was frequently mentioned as a presidential candidate. In 1936, his name was placed before the Republican National Convention. When the tide swung to Alfred Landon, of Kansas, the other candidates switched to Landon's support. That is, all except Borah. Borah refused to turn his votes to Landon, disagreeing with the choice and refusing to make it unanimous. His reasons were his objections to the straddle on the planks of the platform. Borah never gave up his principles to be expeditious. Frequently he would say: "It may be expedient — but it isn't right."

Borah was a simple man — he enjoyed simple things, simple people. He frequented the benches in Rock Creek Park, Washington, and liked to converse with the casual passers-by. He rode daily, unless the footing was too slick for Jester. The orange was considered by the Senator to be one of the best foods God gave to man. "Keeps your teeth good late in life."

The Senator always had some fruit in his pocket, brought from home. Around noon, he would peel and eat that apple, peach, or plum. A short time before his death he gave a newspaper man a peach from Idaho with all the pleasure and pride of a young man giving his sweetheart a box of candy.

Borah never learned to drive an automobile. At first he used a street car to go to the Capitol. When a bus line was routed past his hotel home, he switched to it. The one automobile he owned was a small sedan which was used by "Little Borah."

At times the Senator seemed to be just a great big boy. He was a great lover of ice cream, preferring sundaes made with crushed fresh fruit and in the absence of such fruit his next choice was chocolate. Pop-eye was no friend of Borah's. The Senator hated spinach and would have none of it. He desired his steaks rare, claiming rare meat was the more easily digested.

The boy from Egypt, who became a leader in the Senate, enjoyed fun and liked humor, but would not indulge in nor countenance smut or cheapness at any time.

Never a drinker nor a smoker, Borah was an advocate of national prohibition. He might be characterized as a liberal in thought, a near left-winger, but withal a practical thinker not prone to go off on a wild tangent of extreme liberalism. Borah was one Republican the Solid South would listen to, would respect, and follow.

Borah was against the Woman Suffrage amendment. He was a believer in the right of women to vote and to take part in the affairs of government, but he be-

lieved the right of suffrage was exclusively the right of the various states. As a strong fighter for those states rights, he must be against the Suffrage Bill. It was not the popular side to take, but take it he did. His constituency seemed to understand his peculiar quirk — a quirk unknown to many candidates for public office — of voicing and voting his convictions regardless of the possible consequences to himself.

Borah never ran from a fight, nor did he seek one. No threat ever deterred him from what he thought was his duty. He never had a political machine nor did he need one. He opposed issues not men. He never sought personal glory. The best expression of his philosophy is his own: "I would sooner lose in a right cause than win in a wrong cause. As long as I can distinguish between right and wrong, I shall do what I believe to be right — whatever the consequences."

Borah was never abroad. He cared not for travel. Rumor in Washington claimed he would not cross the ocean because a fortune teller had told him he would be lost at sea. The facts disprove this. Twice he had reservations to sail for Europe but both times he had to cancel them due to unexpected business in Washington.

Although never a visitor in any country outside of his own, the Senator was not unknown to the other nations of the world. It is a worthy commentary on the character of the man from Wayne County, Illinois, that upon his death, the official messages of condolences from foreign nations received by the Department of State, with one exception, came not from the great powers but from the small and the oppressed nations of the world, China, Cuba, El Salvador, Honduras, Hungary, Latvia, Nicaragua, Sweden, Venezuela, and the Soviet Union. He was appreciated abroad by the same people who appreciated him in his own country. He aimed not for the great but for the good, not for those with prestige but for the common people. Likewise his interest in nations was fundamentally with those of lesser strength, of those oppressed, of those usually overlooked by smaller men.

From 1924 to 1933, Borah was the chairman of the Senate Committee of Foreign Relations, probably the most important post in an administration next to that of president. Upon Franklin D. Roosevelt's accession to the presidency, Borah became the ranking minority member of that same committee.

Although he had left his native state, he never forgot the old home and friends. He wrote to the editor of the *Fairfield Press* in 1924: "I take it up week after week and year after year and old faces crowd my memory, old landmarks rise up before me. I see again as in boyhood days dear old Wayne County, Illinois, and all its wholesome life and sturdy men and women. Those of kin and those of friendship, together with the thousands of incidents which neither change of place nor the flight of years can efface, come trooping in upon me."

The last speech made by Senator Borah was delivered on October 2, 1939. The Senate was crowded as usual. Amid an expectant silence he began his speech. At its close there was scarcely a dry eye in the chamber. Silently senator after senator, Democrat as well as Republican, antagonist as well as supporter, filed past him and shook his hand. Just a little more than three months later the voice of the "Lion of Idaho" was stilled forever.

When on January 19, 1940, death removed the senatorial toga from the shoulders of William E. Borah, no spot was found upon it, not even the scintilla of a stain. No worthier wearer of the robe ever has stood in the Senate of the United States, the greatest legislative body in the world. Borah took his place along side of Webster, Clay, Calhoun. Time will enhance his glory, will advance him in his place, will give him the honor that only the common peoples of the world had sense enough to see and appreciate during his lifetime.

Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, of Michigan, speaking at memorial services held by the Senate, said: "His fame leaped the boundaries of his native land and spanned the earth. Borah! It was an electric name in any capital on earth. Borah! It was a magnet to draw the throngs of our common citizenship whenever he appeared. Borah! It was the personification of human aspiration at countless hearth stones beneath the Stars and Stripes. Borah! If only we could still hear him answer 'present' in these cataclysmic times."

EDITOR'S NOTE—Articles on William Jennings Bryan and Robert Green Ingersoll have appeared in earlier installments of the series *Idols of Egypt*.

Senator William E. Borah on his favorite horse.

Acme Photo



Strip Tease

By GUYLA WALLIS MORELAND



Photo by Dr. Angelina G. Hamilton, Anna.

Oh, come with me where the grey geese fly
Silver winged 'gainst an amethyst sky;
Where Autumn dons a gayer dress
For her strip tease act and the wind's caress;

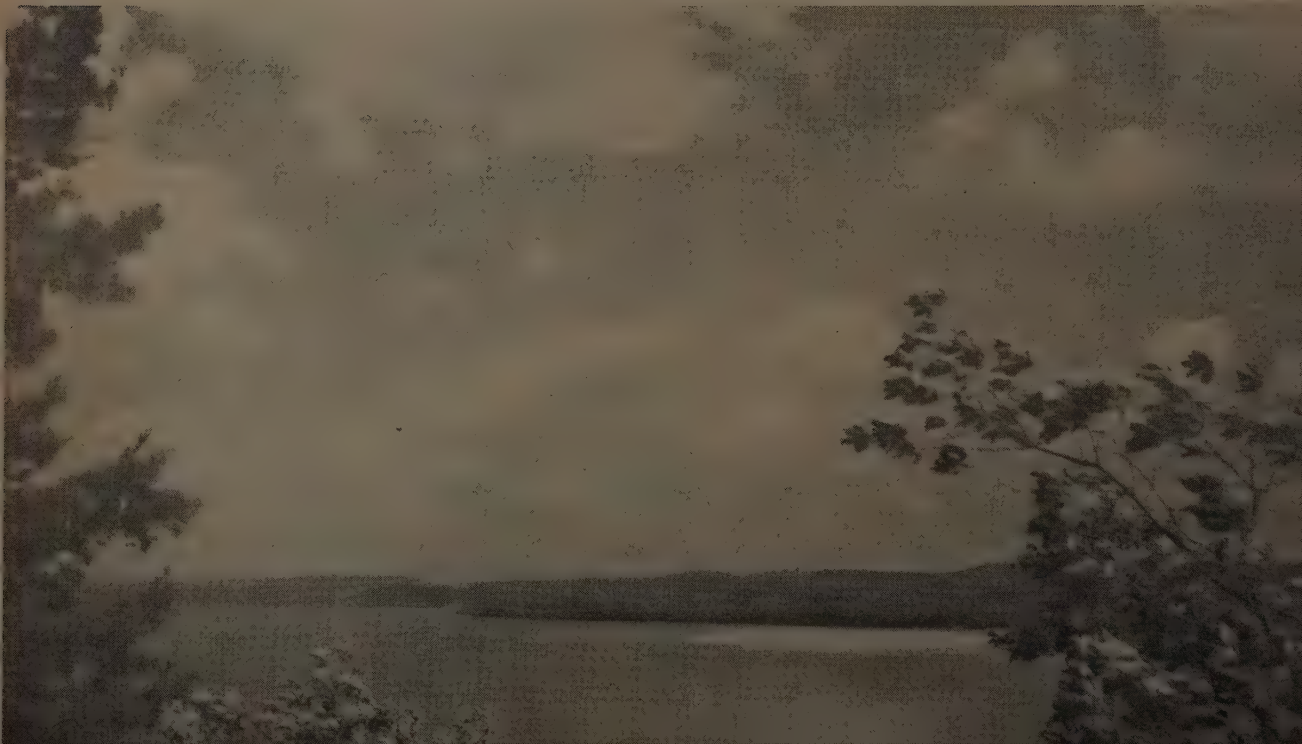
Where her backdrop is the cloud clad hills
Across whose rim gold sunlight spills
To glist'n on creeks where wood ducks light
Silent winged from their age old flight.

The Westwind still sings his fickle song
But the brave Northwind will soon be along
With a diamond wreath to weave in her hair
And an ermine wrap for her to wear.

Indian Summer sings in vain—his cause is lost—
Now Autumn wears but a diadem of frost.

Ohio River from near Cave in Rock. Kentucky hills in background.

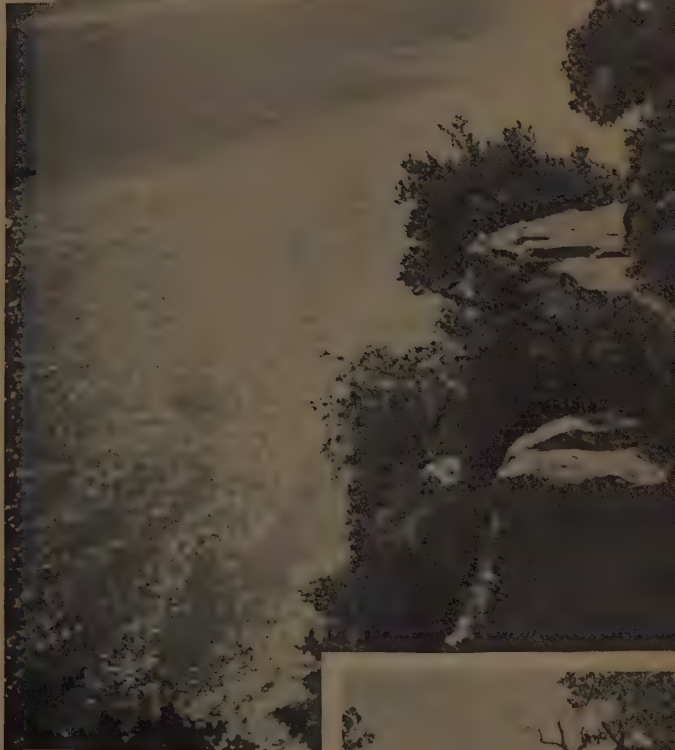
Photo by Norman M.





Beauty in Egypt

Upper left—Indian mound near Gale. (Photo U. S. Forest Service, Shawnee National Forest). Upper right—View from cliffs overlooking Ohio River near Cave in Rock. (Photo by Norman Miller, Peoria). Bottom, left to right—Giant City State Park, (Photo Ill. Dept. Pub. Wks. & Bldgs.); entrance to trail, Giant City State Park and ground scenes, Anna State Hospital. (Photos by Dr. Angelina G. Hamilton, Anna).



Church of Peaceful Valley

By KARL W. BAUMANN

Among the hills of Union County a small white church, a gem of simplicity, lends an Old World touch to the scene.

IN the foothills of the Ozarks, two miles south of Jonesboro, nestles a peaceful valley known for almost one hundred years as Kornthal—Valley of Grain. It was so

Evangelical Lutheran St. Pauls Church, Kornthal.

Photo courtesy Ida H. Engelhart



named by the early settlers who came from Austria, early in the 1850's, seeking to escape the oppression of the old world and to found a home in the new.

A man named Lichtenwagner had been sent to seek out a suitable location and had chanced upon the little valley so like the one in the homeland. Having found this valley—set among the green hills and watered by a rocky, spring-fed stream—he sent word to the others waiting back in Austria. Then, in preparation for their coming, he began the construction of a sawmill so that, upon their arrival, they would be able to cut timbers for their new homes.

On the 4th day of July in 1852, the Reishaur, Kollehner and Fettinger families arrived at Willard's Landing—north of Cape Girardeau on the Illinois side of the Mississippi River. The new arrivals had ended their sea voyage at New Orleans and then had come up the river by flatboat. When they arrived at Willard's Landing they had been on the water sixty-nine days—the last few without food or water.

As soon as the members of the colony had chosen their land and built their first homes they began to make plans for a place to worship.

To these people their church must be more than a mere building for in them was the understanding of and the feeling for the ideals and traditions which had brought into being the great cathedrals and churches of their native land. Just as, stone by stone, over centuries of time, generations of their ancestors had raised, with their own hands, their magnificent cathedrals, so they too would build, but, on a scale befitting a new wilderness settlement. All their skill, all their knowledge, their faith and their strength would go into their work.

Charles Fettinger spent long hours working over a design reminiscent of the village church in Austria. Early in 1853, the actual work of construction was started with the laying of the 30' x 50' foundation of limestone blocks; and, as the other men proceeded with the raising of the framework, Charles Fettinger, the designer, busied himself with carving the wainscoting, the fans over the windows, the doors, etc. Others kept the sawmill humming, turning out beams and planks of the native yellow poplar of which the entire structure is built. As soon as the walls were up and the roof on, blocks of wood were placed inside and planks laid across to make a temporary floor so that services could be held. The work of construction progressed steadily; and, by 1860, a permanent floor was laid, the gallery was built and the carving of the altar and pulpit finished.

On the tenth Sunday after Trinity in 1861, the church was dedicated with the Reverend Hempeler as the first pastor.

Meanwhile, new families, coming from Saxony, Bavaria and Prussia, had joined the colony in 1854. Soon after, the settlement was seized with a typhoid epidemic and suffered the loss of a portion of the population—not only from deaths due to the disease but also



Photo courtesy Ida H. Engelhart

Church and grounds, Evangelical Lutheran St. Pauls Church, Kornthal.

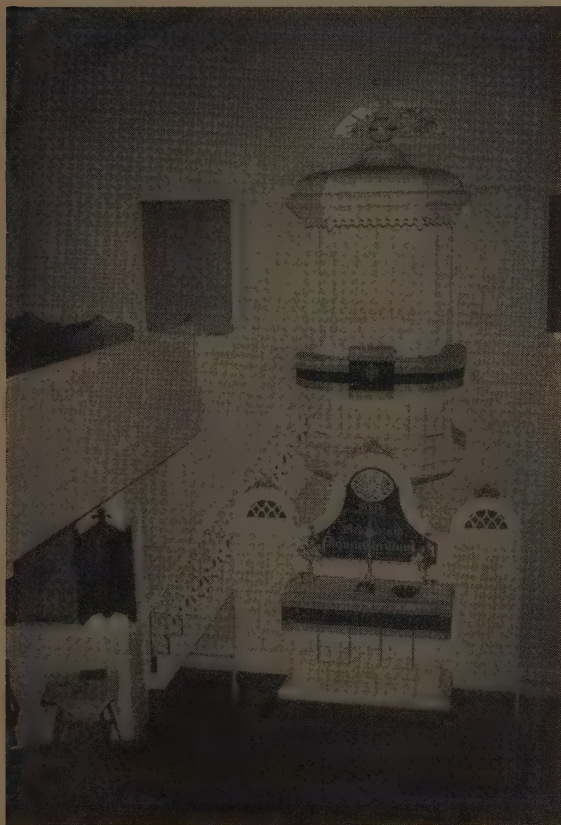


Photo courtesy Ida H. Engelhart

Altar and pulpit, Evangelical Lutheran St. Pauls Church, Kornthal.

from the resultant migration of some families to Pocahtontas and Altenberg, Missouri and Nauveo, Illinois.

Also—some old settlers say—two religious factions developed within the settlement at about this time, and, as a result, a bitter quarrel ensued. Word followed word until one of the dissenters, pointing to the church, uttered the curse—"And the Devil shall roost on the ridgepole of that church as long as it shall stand." With that the dissenters left the church at Kornthal forever and established Ebenezer Church two and one-half miles east.

The following years the colony grew and prospered. A parochial school, in which, at one time, forty pupils were enrolled, was established.

In 1889, Mrs. Bolte donated money for the casting of a bell. This made necessary the construction of a bell tower. After some deliberation, Ernest Kollehner

was chosen to design and build the new addition. The choice proved a wise one as Ernest Kollehner raised a tower eighty-five feet into the air, so well designed and proportioned in relation to the older part that one finds it difficult to believe that the structure was not designed, in its entirety, by one man.

The bell, weighing eight hundred pounds, was inscribed as being

Cast by H. Stuckstede & Co.

St. Louis

Ev. Luth. St. Pauls Kirche

Kornthal

A. D. 1889

It is a massive bell—almost filling the fourth level of the tower and, as it hangs today, with its supporting frame, weighs one thousand and one hundred pounds.

A few years back it became necessary to make extensive repairs. During the reconditioning a beam was uncovered on which was painted, in fine old script, the name of Charles Fettingner the designer. It was at this time, also, that the beautiful marbleized wood columns, supporting the U-shaped gallery, were removed because of rot and replaced by the not-so-beautiful iron columns. However, one can almost overlook Kornthal's one blemish. The simplicity of the diamond paneling of the wainscoting, gallery rail and doors, the soft curve of the severely plain vaulted ceiling, in combination with the delicate, small-paned windows, all but overcome it. Then too, upon entering the church, one's attention is immediately drawn to the altar and the pulpit rising above it. From the three-step dais upon which the altar stands to the delicate fan-light above the pulpit it is, undoubtedly, the masterpiece of the designer—Charles Fettingner. The construction is heavy; but the proportions of the paneling and moldings and the introduction of filigree carvings into the altar panels and stair rail combine to create an impression of airy delicacy.

Go to Kornthal some sunny morning. Walk the rustic, swinging bridge above the clear water sparkling in the sunshine as it splashes over the rocks below. Stroll round the bend in the road. Stand under the ancient elms, breath in the faint, musty odor of the boxwood, look up into the swaying branches that, long ago, out-reached the spire. Listen! The bell is ringing out the message inscribed on its side. Higher and higher, out over the trees—it fills the green valley and echoes back from the hills. The message? "*Ehre sei Gott in der Hohe*" ("Honor to God in the Highest").

You'll like it there. You'll not forget it. It's peaceful—at Kornthal's church.

Pontiac--Indian Chief

By SILVESTER E. QUINDRY

The arch conspirator of the Indians, after many adventures met his death at the hands of a murderer on Egyptian soil.



TOURISTS in their Pontiac cars, who, in pre-gas rationing days, glided smoothly over the concrete ribbons that lace the highways of the middle west, took little thought that they were traversing lanes that follow, in general outline, the forest paths along which the great chief Pontiac trod two centuries ago. Few of the many, who have visited the historic old town of Cahokia, recalled that here was the spot where the Hitler of his race, inveterate enemy of the British, met his untimely death at the hands of an assassin, hired by an English trader.

Chief of the Ottawas, Pottawattomies and Ojibways, and great chief of all the nations of the lakes and rivers of the north, Pontiac organized his confederacy to prevent the English from gaining possession of the rich lands which spread from the Alleghenies to the Mississippi, lying north of the Ohio, which lands had been ceded to England by the treaty of 1763, when France, after three hundred years of imperial glory, surrendered to England her place at the head of the table in all international conventions.

Anomalous as it may seem, religion and booze conspired to bring the great chief's downfall. Military disasters drove him to strong drink, and the teachings of a Catholic priest softened his heart and helped cause him to lose his nerve and raise the siege of Detroit. That memorable siege, with its bloodshed and torture, furnishes the story for one of the darkest pages of American history. From Fort Chartres and Cahokia, Lieutenant Daignaux Dequindre, a French captive in the British intelligence service, carried the message to Detroit, informing the Great Chief that his expected reinforcements from Neyon de Villiers, Commandant at Fort Chartres, would not be sent to his relief.

Like Hitler of this day, he trusted none but himself, and because he had been deceived so often by the women of his race, he ordered all women from the village when a military conference with his subordinates was to be held to outline strategy and to give orders for the next maneuver.

Reproduction of oil painting of
Chief Pontiac by Jerry Farnsworth.

Photo courtesy Pontiac Motor Car Co., Pontiac, Mich.

Born of an Ottawa squaw, member of a tribe, above all others noted in the art of deception, he suspected all and trusted none, keeping two secretaries, who were never permitted to communicate with each other. One of his secretaries received all messages to the chief, and through the other all messages were dispatched. He observed rigorously the rule, "let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

Thrice married, he was the father of three families, one by his Ojibway wife, one by his Ottawa squaw and one by his Pottawattomi spouse. The Grand River branch of the family, called the Pontiac branch of Indians, settled around Kalamazoo, Grand Rapids, and Muskegon, Michigan. Only a few members of the tribe remain, but they maintain a close tribal relation, and at Rosebud, Michigan, annually one day in August, they hold a festal day, in which all participate. The Grand River branch of the Ottawas holds annual meetings and has organized all the branches of the old Pontiac family to join in one grand and glorious powwow, at which the glories of the Great Chief ancestor are memorialized and the legends and traditions of the vanishing tribes are retold.

Pontiac had no family troubles because he kept all three wives busy making wampum belts, which he utilized in affiliating the various tribes and nations in his memorable confederacy.

When his great conspiracy failed and the siege of Detroit was raised, Pontiac and his families came farther west. The Pottawattomies settled in the Pottawattomi hills in Northern Illinois; the Ottawas in the vicinity of Starved Rock, but Pontiac and his favorite son, Shenebis, came to Southern Illinois. For two years the great Chief found refuge among the French at Cahokia, and Kaskaskia, and across the river with the Spanish at Paincourt, now St. Louis. The French officials attempted to pacify the Illinois Indians so the British might take possession of the conquered land, but Pontiac could stir up more trouble in a few days than the French could pacify in months. He was the firebrand of the nations of the west. Charlot Kaske, beloved man and over-chief of twenty villages of the Shawnee Indians north of the Ohio, joined him in keeping alive the opposition to the British. One winter Pontiac spent the cold months with the Piankashaws near Vincennes, and at their village on the Little Wabash River a few miles northwest of the present city of Albion.

Finally the British encirclement became complete. Simultaneous troop movements started to possess the Illinois Country, one army from Detroit, one up the river

from New Orleans and the other down the Ohio from Fort Pitt, where Pittsburgh now stands. Carrying out the principle of divide and conquer, the British made separate peace treaties with one nation at a time. When the Delawares and Shawnees finally ceased their support of his cause and made a separate peace, Pontiac's proud head bowed to the inevitable and his power was soon gone. He was a disgruntled old man of forty-nine, and the strong liquor that he strove so hard to keep from his braves, while he was at the zenith of his power, gained the better of him and he became an inebriate.

His favorite son, Shenebis, with his daughter, Elizabeth, resided with his family near Cahokia, where Alexander Williamson, an English trader, was in charge of one of the chain trading posts of Baynton, Wharton and Morgan, of Philadelphia. Williamson became infatuated with Elizabeth, the favorite grandchild of the fallen chief. Elizabeth was as fond of Williamson. Pontiac's hatred of the English was too intense for him to endure seeing his granddaughter associate with an Englishman. When he came over to Cahokia from St. Louis, he added intoxication to his hatred and made frequent threats against Williamson. Thinking it necessary to his own safety, Williamson employed a Peoria Indian to remove the menace that was always present.

One evening in 1769, Pontiac, while under the influence of liquor, renewed the quarrel. Starting down a winding forest trail, Pontiac staggered to his death. Stealthily following him to a dark place in the woods the Peoria Indian drove his tomahawk into the back of the great chief's head, killing him instantly.

The news spread rapidly among the Indians and soon the newspapers of Europe proclaimed the news to the world. Town criers throughout the West announced it everywhere. The Indian who assassinated Pontiac was captured and through torture was forced to disclose the author of his crime. To save his life from the irate Indians, Williamson resorted to Elizabeth, and as her kinsmen came with uplifted tomahawks to take the scalp of her lover, Elizabeth threw herself prostrate between him and his assailants. Indian superstition restrained their further advances, as no Indian dared cross the prostrate form of an Indian maiden to take the life of a man whom her devotion would thereby shield. They agreed to permit him to live on condition that he take Elizabeth to be his wife, which he was happy to do. Another condition was that he was to change his name that no family of the great chief might have its name tarnished with so great a crime. To this condition he also acceded and Alexander Williamson became Alexander Williams. To Alexander and Elizabeth at least two sons were born. How many more we do not know. James D., whose Indian name was Washtion, became the husband of Mary Pickett, daughter of General Pickett, of Civil war fame. Pontiac Williams, his brother, died near Manistee, Michigan, leaving a son named Pontiac Williams, who, on last information was in a soldiers' home at Camp Custer, having been wounded in World War I.

The great chief Pontiac had many virtues and as many faults. Intensely patriotic for his wilderness land and for his race, he fought to keep out the invaders. He was, like Hitler, a fiery, forceful and convincing orator. He was a remarkable man as a military strategist. He saluted his subordinates and required the salute

Indian Trading Post.

Courtesy Wayne County Examiner, Fairfield





Photo by Bob Rieseling, Murphysboro
Forest Trail in Southern Illinois. Pontiac roamed these same woods traveling similar forest trails.

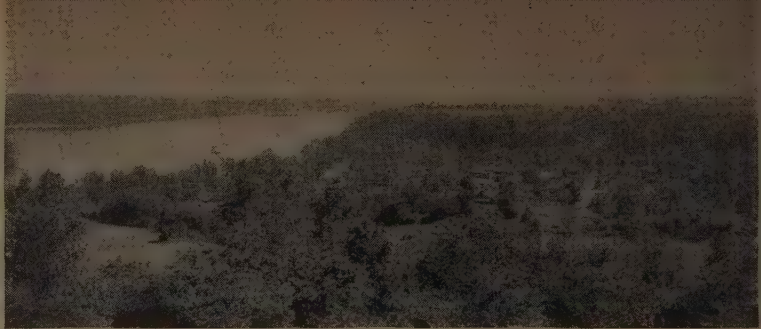
from them, the uplifted hand, palm outward, the "Heil Hitler" salute of our own day. He was cruel at times and at other times merciful. Those Englishmen, who felt the sting of his wrath pronounced him the cruelest of his tribe. But men like Captain Morris and Major Ross, whose lives he saved, commended him as the most humane of all the leaders of his race. His cruelty was in war and in furtherance of a peculiar religious devotion. He believed intensely in the Great Spirit, and he, from boyhood, saw the reflection in the water. He believed in vicarious existence, that everything which lives must die, that something else may live. He lived the Ottawa tradition inherited from the French, that the middle-west of North America was the heart of the world and that if the body of the world was to live the blood of the heart must always run red. The French had taught that doctrine to the Indians from the days of Marquette, LaSalle, Champlain, Cadillac, Hennepin and other early explorers. Southern Illinois, where Cahokia still stands like a deserted village, was called by the French, the "Heart of the Empire." It lay like a heart in the middle of the hemisphere, the Father of Waters the great aorta, the Ohio bordering the left ventricle and

the Illinois the right, with the Wabash dividing the two. Through these arteries of commerce the furs came to the French settlers of Southern Illinois and from them down the Mississippi to New Orleans. Giant ships carried them to Paris, where beautiful coats and fur pieces were fabricated to adorn the fashionable women of Europe. The innocent Indians, victims of a religion intended to stimulate commerce and keep it alive, kept the blood running red in the heart of the world, until the superior forces of civilization conquered and drove them westward.

Those most familiar with the story of Pontiac's death insist that the great chief's remains lie buried in soil on which the majestic city of St. Louis now stands. An Indian posed as Pontiac and was claimed to have been buried near Pontiac, Illinois, and the Pottawottamies prefer that point as the great chief's resting place. Still another Indian claiming to be Pontiac, of another branch of the family no doubt, was buried near Pontiac, Michigan. Since the various branches of the family had sons, whose names were Pontiac, it is easy to gratify the theories of all, for there were enough Pontiacs to go around.

Right—Volcanic plug in crater of extinct volcano about three miles east of Karbers Ridge. (Photo by John Foster, Harrisburg). Lower left—Entrance road to Fort Kaskaskia State Park. (Photo by Dr. Angelina G. Hamilton, Anna). Lower right—River scene, Cairo. (Photo by Norman Miller, Peoria).





Outdoor Egypt

Top row, left to right—Scene looked upon by the Old Stone Face. (Photo by W. V. Rathbone); view of the town of Golconda taken from Rauchfuss Hill (Photo U. S. Forest Service, Shawnee National Forest); grounds of Anna State Hospital. (Photo by Dr. Angelina G.

Hamilton, Anna); river from Fountain to cave, High Knob.

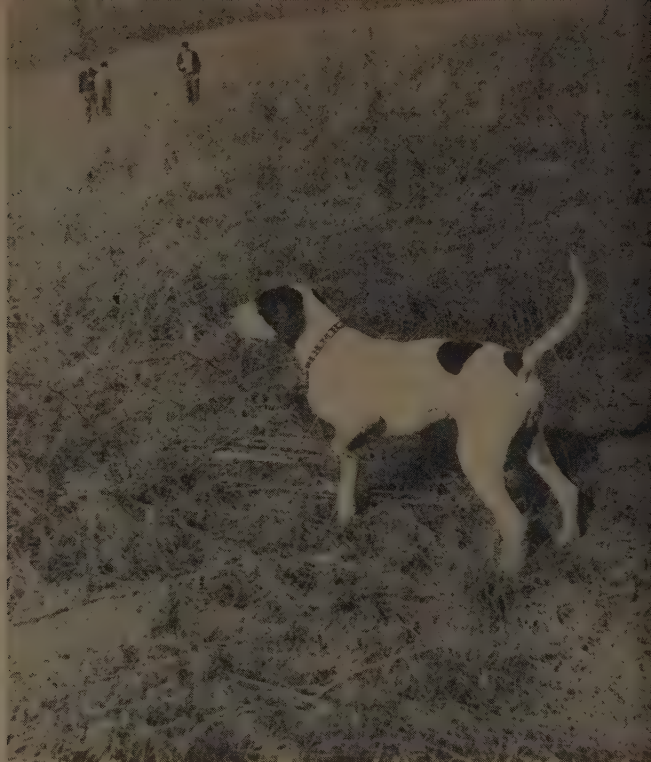




Giant City State Park (Photo by Ill. Dept.
and row, left to right—View of Mississippi
Photo by Dean Hill, Harrisburg); entrance
(Photo U. S. Forest Service, Shawnee

National Forest); old homestead near Womble Mountain (Photo by
W. V. Rathbone). Bottom—The confluence of the Ohio and Missis-
sippi rivers at Cairo; Missouri on the left, Kentucky, the right and
Illinois, the center. (Photo courtesy C. L. Keaton, Cairo).





Sports Afield

Upper left—Charley Hudgens (left) and Bob Wright with trophies of day's shooting at Horseshoe Lake (Photo by C. Cliff Grindle, Carbondale); upper right—dog at point (Photo by C. Cliff Grindle, Carbondale. Lower left—Capt. Harold E. Grear, Army Air Force, with Llewellyn setter, Commander Byrd's Daughter, age five years. Photo taken in western Williamson County. (Photo courtesy Mrs. Harold E. Grear, Herrin). Lower right—Lawrence Stotlar (left) and Elmer J. Medlin, Carbondale, at Horseshoe Lake, November 11, 1943. (Photo courtesy Elmer J. Medlin, Carbondale).



Looking Ahead with Egypt

By WILL GRIFFITH

The things Egypt can do to reach her destiny.
Sensible suggestions for immediate effort.

FOR any area to attain the maximum prosperity, happiness, and peace, it must first outline a general plan toward which it will work determinedly.

Betterment can come to a region in two ways. It can be developed by its own citizens or it can induce outsiders to come in and help. Which is better? Undoubtedly the first, when feasible. It seems to us to be feasible in most instances. There are some instances where the proper lift can come only from outside. We must not hesitate to invite the outlander to join us. He will bring his abilities and if we are true Egyptians we will make a loyal Egyptian of him in no time.

The growth of an area is brought about by a co-ordinated advance along several fronts. In Egypt these fronts are: industry, agriculture, transportation, recreation, public works, education and cultural art.

Industry

There are few communities situated so strategically for industry as Egypt. At least for certain types of industry. Egypt has great transportation possibilities for the manufacturer or processor. Three major rivers, many trunk line railroads, a network of highways, furnish convenient transportation to seven-eighths of the buying public of the United States.

An extremely mild climate cuts to a minimum the loss of time due to absenteeism caused by the rigors of severe weather. Industries that, of necessity, have much of their work done in the open, will find the early springs and the late autumns of Egypt conducive to greater production.

Industry needs fuel. Egypt has it. Great bituminous coal deposits and large oil fields offer unlimited fuel. The Shawnee National Forest is beginning to provide wood supplies for light wood-working industries and more will be forthcoming yearly.

As a specific example of what Egypt should do to increase its industrial welfare we suggest a large plant to manufacture gasoline from coal by the hydrogenation process. Within the past few weeks experiments and demonstrations have proven the feasibility of this method. Changes in modes of transportation plus the depletion of the oil reserves of the country by the war, make the manufacture of gasoline a necessary step. Where could be found a better place than Egypt with its store of good, cheap bituminous coal?

"Make no little plans; they have no magic to stir men's blood and probably will not themselves be realized. Make big plans."

Daniel Burnham

The plastic industry is the mushroom of the decade. No one can predict its ultimate extent. New developments show that many plastics can be made from coal, in fact from the poorer grades that do not command a ready market as fuel.

Egypt's oil fields are capable of producing much more oil than is being pumped today. Remove the restrictions on Illinois oil production.

Today a shortage of canned goods exists in the world. It will not be overcome for many years. Install a good canning plant or two in Egypt. We suggest two as the better number—one on the east side and one on the west side of the region. These plants should be home owned or should be operated by some of the better packers. The products of Egypt's soil are of too high a quality to be ruined by inept handling.

When the war ends, or before, the Illinois Ordnance Plant on Crab Orchard Lake will be shut down. The Sherwin-Williams Company, the present operator, disclaims any desire to

retain the site after the cessation of the war effort. It is true that some of the buildings are of a temporary type but it is an excellent site, with miles of paved roads, fencing, and railroad facilities already installed. Some of the buildings could be used permanently.

When the time comes for the Federal government to divorce itself from its war properties, Egypt must have some firm or firms ready to bid for the property with the sincere intention of establishing a permanent manufacturing plant.

Agriculture

The grower of Egypt must be encouraged to plant more of his land in saleable crops. A competitive market is his greatest need. The installation of canning plants will stimulate the grower to greater effort. From all available information it seems Egypt successfully can grow apples, peaches, pears, strawberries, black and red raspberries, blackberries, boysenberries, huckleberries, grapes, asparagus, lettuce, beans, sweet potatoes, and tomatoes.

Along our rivers and in some other sections, grain is grown most successfully, corn and wheat being the prevailing crops. The development of other crops would be advantageous. Popcorn and soy beans are suggested.

The hills of Egypt should abound with dairy herds and sheep. Much land now without revenue thus could be turned into productive areas.

Transportation

Egypt fares well in the present transportation set-up, but the future must be looked to—now. More buses and more bus lines are imperative. Better buses, with safe modern equipment will help develop the area. More train service is needed in certain spots in Southern Illinois.

The great transportation need of Egypt is air service. To get that service, modern airports must be

established at strategic points. These airports must be of the modern type with concrete runways, depots, proper safety installations, as well as convenient transportation service to the adjacent towns.

Highway 51 must be repaved, made a four lane highway, and relocated in places. With the heavy traffic load it now carries, it cannot begin to offer a safe surface to all the trucks and buses along with the private cars that will flood out into the open country just as soon as travel restrictions are lifted. Today, if one gets behind a large truck as it labors up some of the stiff winding grades, much time and fuel are wasted or lives are gambled in an effort to pass.

Railroad grade crossings must be eliminated both in towns and in the country. It has been proven such improvements pay enormous safety dividends.

Recreation

Increased transportation facilities will bring many visitors into Egypt. So blessed with natural beauty, Egypt is the ideal place for spring and fall recreation. Fishing and hunting, hiking and exploring, bathing and swimming, picture-taking and resting, all, are open to the visitor, who will return home, refreshed from his vacation, eager to speak a good word for Egypt. His money spent while a visitor will make a pleasing jangle in Egyptian cash registers. His word of mouth advertising will bring more and louder jangles in the same cash registers. The merchants and business men of Egypt have been overlooking, in a large degree, the potential profits to be attained from the tourist. Tourist money is good money.

To accommodate the visitor, Egypt badly needs three or four good reasonable-priced resorts. Lodges that offer all modern conveniences, spaced over the region to accommodate the visitor who wants a modest vacation. Such lodges should be placed at sites strategic to: Bell Smith Springs, to serve the area from Cave in Rock to Harrisburg; Ferne Clyffe, to serve the center portion of Egypt; Pine Hills Area to serve the Mississippi River section.

These lodges or hotels need not be pretentious expensive affairs. Homey buildings, with modern conveniences, good food, good beds, pleasant environments and reasonable prices, are needed. Egypt is an easy day's

journey from Chicago. A convenient stop-over attraction for Florida and the Gulf Coast visitors will bring money to our merchants.

Giant City State Park must be rehabilitated. It seems most strange and ironical that the only state park without year round accommodations is Giant City — that park situated farthest south in the mildest climate zone in the State. Arrangements must be worked out between the State of Illinois and the Federal Government for the completion of the Big and Little Grassy Lakes, for the taking over by the State of Crab Orchard, and for the connection of the three lakes with Giant City Park to make the largest and most popular state park in Illinois. The "pioneer" cabins must be abandoned. The lodge and dining room must be kept open the full year and offer reasonably priced accommodations and food at all times.

Ferne Clyffe must be taken into the state park system. Some of the finest scenery in the State is waiting to be developed. It must be made accessible and promoted.

Dixon Springs has been offered to the State as a gift by its owners, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wheeler. The gift must be accepted immediately.

The Old Stone Face must be taken over by the State. This attraction rivals or exceeds that of the Great Stone Face in New Hampshire. By capitalizing on its natural wonder, New Hampshire has profited. Why shouldn't Illinois do the same. Properly exploited and made of easy access, the Old Stone Face will become one of Egypt's greatest drawing cards.

The ground for the Red Hills State Park has been purchased. This park must be developed immediately. That northeast section of Egypt is just as important as any other.

At Cahokia, create a French village, showing the life in the Mississippi valley long before Illinois became a state. Ground is available. The Cahokia courthouse, the first seat of justice in Illinois, is rehabilitated. Purchase the Church of the Holy Family, the frame building erected in 1799, the oldest church structure in Illinois; purchase the priest's house; purchase the Jarrot mansion. Rehabilitate these. If something is not done soon, there will be little left in a few years. With these buildings as a nucleus, build a typical French

village. It will attract many visitors.

The Shawneetown removal project must be completed. Clean up what is now a bad situation by completing the job. Move the remaining structures to the new site, wreck those not to be moved, rehabilitate the bank building and the Marshall house, make a state park of the area. Build a good road from the park to the Shawnee Lakes so as to make these choice recreational spots available to visitors.

Public Works

The Veterans Hospital at Marion is a fine institution. Although none of us like to think of the horrors of war, we must not forget the debt we owe to those of our boys who are so unfortunate as to come back maimed, or sick in body and mind. They will have given more than we. Accommodations for their care must be provided. Accommodations of the right type, of which we can be proud, at which we can look with a clear conscience.

No better place can be found for quiet, restful surroundings, water, Mother Earth — the best remedy for many ailments — mild climate, than at the Veterans Hospital at Marion.

The trouble is — it's too small. Quadruple it at least.

The remains of the Illinois Blast Furnace must be acquired by the State and this historic relic preserved for posterity.

The Lawler Monument at Equality must be repaired and the Logan Monument at Murphysboro cleaned. These are state monuments and the State must take care of them.

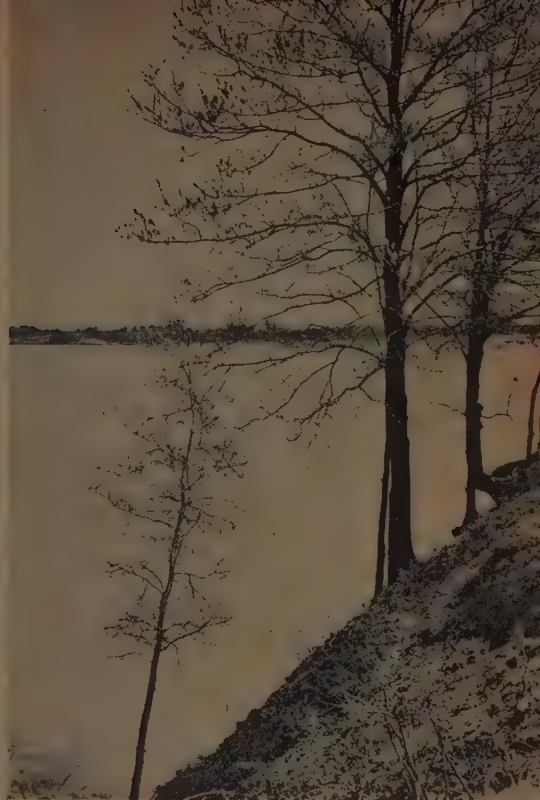
Education

Modern consolidated schools must be provided for Egypt. More and better trained teachers employed.

The Southern Illinois Normal University must be enlarged. It must be made a regular university granting all the usual degrees students of such schools expect to be able to obtain. Although it is now possible to obtain a Bachelor of Arts degree, it still is not the kind of school this area must have. An enlarged and expanded university will bring money into the region, will advertise Egypt favorably, and will offer the desired courses of study to our children convenient to their homes.

Cultural Art

An Egyptian symphony orchestra under the direction of a capable director will advertise Egypt.



Top left—Old Bank building, Shawneetown. (Photo by John Foster, Harrisburg); Top right—Crab Orchard Lake (Photo by C. Cliff Grindle, Carbondale); Center left—Old Rusty, one of the medicinal springs, Dixon Springs. (Photo courtesy Charles B. Wheeler, Dixon Springs). Bottom—Main building, University of Illinois Experiment Station, Glendale (Photo courtesy Brig. Gen. Wm. McAndrew).



Singing choruses will do the same. A start has been made at West Frankfort. Its chorus has won ranking position in several national contests.

A large structure must be erected at Giant City State Park, or Ferne Clyffe or Dixon Springs or other suitable spot. It must have an assembly hall capable of seating 1500 persons. There can be held the musical festival, that will bring visitors from many states to Egypt. Much money will remain in our tills after the festival becomes established. The auditorium will be available for other gatherings which now do not come to Egypt for lack of large suitable accommodations.

Egypt is a lap zone of the United States. The North and the South lap over in our midst. We have flowers, trees, shrubs of both sections. Consequently, we could show a greater variety of native flora than almost any other section of the country. Who knows this? Where can these interesting specimens be seen and properly identified? The same applies to other phases of nature. A museum must be provided in the same building which houses the assembly hall to contain the various exhibits that

will give a true picture of the area.

Where can you find a district offering a greater variety of scenic and historical places to inspire the oil and water color painter? Why not an artists' colony somewhere in the hills of Egypt? Surely we have more to offer than Brown County, Indiana, whose artists' colony has made that area famous throughout America. As canvasses depicting the glories of Egypt hang in galleries over the breadth of our land, they will be most potent salesmen for Egypt.

All men are selfish to a certain extent. Man does not work for glory with his toes sticking out. Why should the EGYPTIAN KEY propose a plan or platform for Egypt? Such a development will make our region a better place in which to live. It will make it a better place in which to rear our children. It will offer opportunities to our returning boys fresh from the horrors of war. It will increase the revenues of our business men. It will provide employment for those who will need it. It will profit all citizens of Egypt be they workers, business men, professional men, housewives, stenographers, pro-

fessors, farmers, or coal miners.

Many persons are worrying about the future. We hear much talk of unemployment, of post war problems, of dire outlooks for the next decade. It requires no other effort than our own to banish these fears. There is no over-production in the world today. In fact commodity reserves are almost completely dissolved. Automobiles are worn out. Tires are among the missing. Office equipment has been on the out-of-production list for months. Residence construction has been abandoned for a couple of years. Highway building has been curtailed. The railroads are wearing out their equipment faster than they can obtain new. On and on, the fires of war are consuming, not building.

To cushion the change back to civilian pursuits, to insure that Egypt will not have a slight shock at the end of the war, Egypt must today—now—start to move forward, demand her just rights, get busy. The EGYPTIAN KEY challenges the leaders of Egypt to lift high the torch of progress, to instill the fires of ambition, to awaken, if you please, the desires for selfish gain—to lead Egypt to her rightful destiny.

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A Great Day Not Forgotten

By BERT R. BURR

Retold from his memories of his father's and grandfather's report,
and from conversations with the late Charles Brown of Cora City.

EVEN before Horatius stood at the bridge in Rome, and before Mary the Maiden directed the construction of the first bridge at London, men in all lands of the earth have found deep interest in bridges. Seemingly aroused by nature's effort to circumscribe their movements and resentful at this hampering of their liberty to move where they please, men have built bridges and found pleasure and profit in this defiance of natural obstructions.

The early summer of 1874 found the people of the entire Mississippi valley with but one topic of conversation: the ceremonies to be held in St. Louis on the Fourth when the wonder bridge of the world, the Illinois and St. Louis Bridge, was to be dedicated, tested, and opened for the use of mankind. With a roadway fifty-four feet wide and a lower passage for a double track railway, the bridge crossed a gorge of the Mississippi 2200 feet from bank to bank. With its abutments, the bridge itself was more than one mile long. A wonder in 1874, it yet remains unrivalled for its three supporting arches, the greatest arch spans in all the world. The center span is 520 feet in length, the others 502 feet each.

Jackson County had an especial and personal interest in the bridge for the reason that its designer and chief engineer, Captain James Buchanan Eads, had been a temporary resident of Grand Tower at repeated intervals. Along Front Street Captain Eads was known for his early success in raising sunken steamboats and for his effort to secure government contracts for clearing the Mississippi of snags and other obstructions to steamboat traffic. All over the county he was known for the ironclad steamboats and mortar boats he had built for the Federal

government during the Civil War, boats manned by Jackson County Volunteers serving in the Mississippi Marine Brigade. So Jackson County men were sure to be present when his great bridge was opened.

On the evening of July 3, 1874, a group of Murphysboro citizens walked to Mount Carbon and boarded the train for Grand Tower. John M. Gill, Abe Pugh, George H. Teeter, and Gill J. Burr were among those who greeted the Conductor Peter M. Post. At the river town the party boarded the Steamer *Emma C. Elliott*, regularly engaged in the St. Louis to Grand Tower trade. She was captained by Shep Lightner, Tiffin Jenkins was in the clerk's office, and Henry C. Crow was one of the young assistant engineers. Her chief porter was Charles Douglass, a former slave belonging to some southern connection of Senator Stephen A. Douglas. The second porter was George Watson, famous from Memphis to St. Louis for his folklore knowledge of the stars, legends brought from Africa by his progenitors. The *Emma C. Elliott* and her crew were important in the days of river travel; then as now men who did some one thing well stood forth in prominence and public estimation.

In Grand Tower, it was ordinary in those days to see as many as fifteen great river steamboats at the same time. The first abundant coal supply was made available there. If they were bound up-stream, at least two barges loaded with coal would be grappled to the steamboat after only the briefest pause. En route to St. Louis, the hands would transfer the coal from barges to the steamboat's bins. When the barge was unloaded, it was permitted to float downstream with only steersmen in charge until it was taken in tow by

the *Mab*, the coal company's boat at Grand Tower. If the steamboat's trip was down-river, she would tie up at the coal company's landing and the hands on board, augmented by roustabouts eager for extra money, would tote the coal into the steamboat's hungry bins. All the work went on to the music of coon-shine, the original swing, properly punctuated by the pithy ejaculations of red-faced, bull-necked, deep-voiced mates. Loaded, the boat backed into the stream, with bells ringing, whistles screeching, as the pilot guided her into the channel headed for New Orleans.

At Grand Tower, the group of Murphysboro men were joined for the trip to St. Louis by Frank Baronowsky, George Wolfe, Judge Mike Swartzcope, and J. D. Peters, a young clerk for the coal company. At Wagner's Landing, Clay and Charles Brown came on board in time for breakfast. At Chester, two of the Cole brothers, millers and wheat buyers, joined the party with other Murphysboro men who had driven up the bluff road during the night.

On arrival at St. Louis, the *Emma C. Elliott* nosed into the cobblestone levee sloping into the river for a distance of three hundred feet. Hundreds of large and small river boats, palatial packets, flatboats, and up-river boats with low broad sails lined the river bank. North and south of the western abutment of the great stone bridge they were congregated to do honor to this event of national importance. The *Elliott* was received with shrieking whistles and ringing bells as an honor to Captain Lightner, perhaps the most popular river-man ever on the Mississippi.

Born at Thebes, then the county seat of Alexander County, Shep Lightner came of the family that kept

the hotel where lawyers attending county court were housed and fed. Among them were John A. Logan and Joshua Allen, a new law firm, strong virile, passionate men who were to grow far apart when cannon roared from Charleston and a flag waved defiance from Fort Sumter. But in those days of friendship and busy court work, these lawyers and many others of prominence were amused at the longing with which young Lightner stood on the river bank at Thebes and

watched the landing of the *Tobacco*, *King Cotton*, *Robert E. Lee*, *Natchez*, or other great boats as they plied the waters carrying the commerce of the nation. Lightner came from a family of men who had all followed the river, pilots, mates, or captains. He himself never knew other interest or labor than the river provided, and was in turn mate, pilot, captain. He possessed a fine presence, was gifted in voice, and was a great favorite at public meetings because of his elo-

quence and the quality of his informed mind, stored with conclusions ordinarily concerned with the development of his beloved Mississippi valley. He was in fact an industrial leader who never fulfilled his powers because he was unable throughout his life to abandon his first love, that of commanding a busy steamboat on the flood of the great river.

At the landing of the *Elliott*, the Egyptians made their way to the tunnel entrance (now the Washington Street Station). There selected guests were invited to board any one of fifty Pullman cars that were to test the new bridge. John M. Gill delayed acceptance to ask details of the plans. When informed that the train would be pulled by three engines, coupled as one, and would cross the bridge to discover whether it was capable of carrying such a weight, Gill declined passage. Lawyer Abe Pugh always declared that Gill announced he would take his place on the deck of the *Elliott*, where he would be in a position to enjoy the splash, if there were one. But Bethune Dishon in the Murphysboro newspaper printed the story to say that except for salvation that ride was the only other free gift that any Murphysboro man had ever declined.

The *Chicago Tribune* correspondent assured his readers that it was no exaggeration to say that "THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE" were rushing, surging up and down the streets of St. Louis that morning. A procession formed on Washington Street, with appropriate representations from every branch of industry, every commercial interest, and many local organizations. As the head of the column stopped near the west approach of the bridge, the train of fifty Pullman cars drawn by three engines came into sight. Captain Eads and his construction chief rode the pilot of the forward engine, their beckoning hands herding what was considered an enormous weight across the bridge.

As this special train, with some two thousand passengers, paused in the middle of the great ribbed arch, a salvo of guns from Jefferson Barracks marked the marriage of the West with the East. Among the passengers were the governors of Missouri, Illinois, and Indiana (Captain Eads' native state). General W. S. Hancock represented the Army of the United States. These men and

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the others honored with that first passage of the great river by the iron horse waved small American flags and led the cheers of massed thousands on the river front who honored a successful American endeavor to the glory of their nation.

When the train moved on across the bridge to meet the head of the procession, the president of the bridge company introduced the lady who christened the bridge. "With the waters of the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Gulf, and the Lakes commingled, emblematic of the union effected by the mighty spans, I christen this structure the Illinois & St. Louis Bridge, and invoke the blessings of the Almighty upon it, its builders, and the commerce to which it is henceforth and forever dedicated." From silver pitchers were poured waters sent by the postmasters of cities on the other waterways of the nation. Then came the speeches.

Christened with the name of the bridge company incorporated by the Missouri legislature to effect its construction, the first bridge at St. Louis was never known to the public other than as the Eads Bridge. Fifteen years after this opening, when another company took over its control the bridge was re-named with that company's corporate title, the Terminal. But as Eads Bridge it is always known, and as Eads' monument it keeps his memory bright. There was talk on the day of dedication that a colossal statue of Captain Eads should be placed over the gates of his bridge. But his reward was in the accomplished fact which only engineers could appreciate fully, and in the adulation he received as he passed through the streets where he had peddled apples forty years before.

That evening a great reception and banquet was held at the old Southern Hotel, with Captain Eads as the guest of honor. A young editor of the *Globe-Democrat* presided. Captain Lightner of the *Elliott* made the speech of the occasion, marking it with a prophecy that pronounced the doom of the steamboat, his own great love. He told the guests they had witnessed the beginning of an epoch's end. He warned them that a combination of transportation, beginning inland and meeting boats at cities built along the rivers, must be formed. As an alternative he foresaw railroads built in such close

competition that the slower moving boats would be driven to rotting wharves and abandoned to the same decay. His prophecy found credence in the minds of the more intelligent but no one of them supposed the prophecy would be fulfilled so soon. He spoke in terms of the future. We who have lived our lives in his future know that Captain Shep Lightner was a true prophet. Never again will such boats as the *Robert E. Lee* and the *Natchez* steam northward on the Mississippi to engage the excited minds of the business world. Steamboat days on the Mississippi belong to History.

The banquet ended early, that the guests might enjoy the last spectacle of the day, a "pyrotechnic programme" from the bridge. Roofs three squares away from the river were black with people who watched the fireworks.

Number 26 on this program was listed as "Grand Temple of Honor, with a colossal bust of Captain J. B. Eads and symbols of industry and commerce, represented by the locomotive and steamboat, with appropriate mottoes, pillars, and rosettes of colored fires."

From this triumph, Captain Eads went on to another conquest of the Mississippi, with whose vagaries he first became acquainted as purser on a steamboat. His next success was deepening and fixing the channel at the mouths of the great river, by building jetties whereby the narrowed stream was made to scour out its own channel and carry its sediment out to the gulf. But the series of innovations built into the bridge at St. Louis were remembered whenever another bridge was built. At the time his work commenced, there were no known precedents for some of its principal features. The use of compressed air had not been perfected, many men lost their lives in the caissons used in constructing bridge piers. At St. Louis these fatalities were kept unusually low because of Captain Eads' inventiveness. Withal, twelve men died of caisson disease and ten other lives were lost. But the air locks devised by Captain Eads were so efficient for their time that they were used also in sinking the piers of Brooklyn Bridge.

The cost of the bridge, up to the time of its opening, was between twelve and thirteen million dollars. Its value to humanity and the west-

ward movement of the nation is inestimable.

* * *

When the shouting died, the home-bound crowds of St. Louis saw a weary group of men plodding up the middle of Broadway. They were those self-same Egyptians with whom our story began, and their feet hurt. It was the day of boots and theirs were tight. George Teeter and Gill Burr led the file, the Brown brothers guarded the rear and prodded on the stragglers. Each man wore his boots tied around his neck and stepped gingerly forward in his sock feet. Anon, occasionally, and again anon, the line halted while some sufferer nursed an aching member, and the others engaged in rustic comments on the height of St. Louis buildings.

John M. Gill, who had recently built on the Murphysboro square a two-storied office structure, had experienced considerable annoyance for his refusal to add another story for the use of some fraternal organization. He gazed on Broadway's towering buildings (they were all of seven and eight stories) and sneered, "Yes, and if that building had gone up in Murphysboro, some dam-fool would want to add another story to it."

At last the stragglers dragged up the waiting gangway of the *Elliott*, found refuge on the chairs that lined the rail of her cabin deck, nursed their scalded feet, and waited for the sound of the dining cabin gong. There they feasted gloriously as did all travelers on river boats. Surfeited, they went to their staterooms and wakened to find the *Elliott* tied up at the Grand Tower landing. Breakfast awaited them at the hotel where Mrs. Baronowsky presided over a table that rivaled any place to eat victuals north of New Orleans.

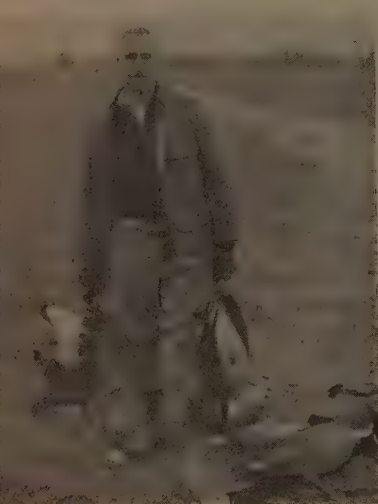
The morning train of the Grand Tower Mining, Manufacturing and Transportation Company's coal railroad landed the party at Mount Carbon. Bud Brookman's bus soon rolled to a stop before the Jackson County courthouse. They were at home.





Top, left to right—Hunter and dog; in the blind and day's trophies at Horseshoe Lake, Carl J. Conkey and Guy Purcell, Evansville, Ind. Center left—Henry Wood (Uncle Hank), Chicago, after day's shooting in Egypt. Center right—Fish catch, Crab Orchard Lake, left to right: Owen Pugh. Dr. John Lewis, George Gilbert, Carbondale.

With Rod and Gun



Bottom—Wild geese, Horseshoe Lake. (Photo by Dr. Angelina G. Hamilton, Anna).

Great Fort on the Mississippi

By VIRGINIA CALDWELL McANDREW

At the height of her power in the Western World, France built a great fort on the banks of the Mississippi River.

“ALL roads lead to Fort de Chartres” was a common saying in the second quarter of the Eighteenth Century, when this fort was the strongest, the mother fort actually, of several forming a chain from Quebec, to New Orleans protecting France’s claim to the inland waterways and lands adjacent. While the British were colonizing the Atlantic seaboard, the French were settling Illinois and the Mississippi valley.

Louis Jolliet and Pere Jacques Marquette, the Jesuit priest, in 1673, explored the Mississippi River, called by the Indians the “Great Water.” Ten years later these first white men to enter the Illinois Country were followed by René Robert Cavalier de La Salle. By 1700, during the reign of “Le Grande Monarque” Louis XIV, the French had many settlers in this region, mostly fur traders and priests who lived in amiable relations with the Indians.

The Illinois Country, as designated by the French, was a part of the Province of Louisiana, and comprised a territory from the Illinois River southeast to the Wabash River and

southwest to the Arkansas district, a more or less limitless territory of which Fort de Chartres was the nominal capital.

The Duc d’Orleans, who became Regent of France upon the death of Louis XIV, took great interest in the New World. The British, growing stronger in the east, were endeavoring to get a foothold in the Mississippi valley, where France had commercial settlements she was eager to protect. France, desiring a strong military headquarters, sent Pierre Du Gué de Boisbriand to build a fort in the Illinois Country which would be accessible to New Orleans and Quebec.

The point chosen was eighteen miles north of the French village of Kaskaskia on the east bank of the Mississippi River. Here in 1718, the virgin forest was cleared, the timber used for the buildings, and after two years of labor a fort completed and named in honor of Duc de Chartres, son of the Regent of France.

All matters of a military or administrative nature concerning the region came under the jurisdiction of Commandant Boisbriand. The of-

ficers stationed at Fort de Chartres were socially of high order; many of them, from noble families of France, bore the title “Chevalier.” Some were Knights of the military order of St. Louis.

The wilderness was wide, the audience meager and savage, but the regime of that day called for military display. As we read about them to-day we wonder just why the officers stationed so far from their homeland, needed to be dressed in long coated uniforms, covered with gold lace and braid, with knee breeches and embroidered vests. The officers of the garrison, the holders of large tracts of land living nearby, and the prospering merchants were of the “upper class” and constituted the “society.” With their ladies dressed in imported Paris gowns of velvet and lace, they had gay good times within the fort, with much dancing, card playing, and feasting upon the native foods.

There was great distinction between the officers and private soldiers. While the officers were richly and well dressed, the soldiers were often poorly dressed and ragged.

Restored entrance gate, Fort Chartres. Left—as seen from without the fort; right—as seen from within fort.

Photos Ill. Dept. Pub. Wks. & Bldgs.



The early French settlers were very adaptable, fitting their lives to the wilderness and sometimes intermarrying with the Indians. Most of the first settlers were trappers and hunters but a little later agriculture became the chief occupation of the men in the villages surrounding Fort de Chartres.

The farmers lived very comfortably for they grew French wheat which was of a fine quality and found ready sale at the fort. Some settlers

had horse tread mills with which to grind their wheat.

Like most people of the French nation, the villagers as well as the soldiers in the fort, were fond of dancing and card playing. Feast days always were celebrated with folk songs and folk dances. The old fashioned fiddle was the chief source of music. In the cold weather the people wore buffalo robe coats and other fur and leather clothing.

The villages of Kaskaskia, Prairie

du Rocher, Cahokia, and New Chartres sprang up under the protection of Fort de Chartres. All the able bodied men in these towns were in the militia, and were subject to call by the commandant of the fort. The Jesuit fathers had great influence in the community. Each village had its own church and priest who faithfully carried out the religious work and taught the first schools.

The French and the Indians, for the most part friendly, became engaged soon after the completion of Fort de Chartres in what is called the "Fox Indian War." The Fox were a treacherous thieving lot, a constant threat to the commandants of the Illinois Country. In the summer of 1727, the Mississippi River overflowed and partly destroyed the fort. Rather than abandon it, because the Fox War was still going on, the authorities decided to leave sixty men to repair the fort and guard the countryside. The Fox War ended in 1731 and, in 1732, the commandant, Jean Groston Sieur de St. Ange, built a new fort with the same name.

On Easter of this same year under the commandant of Fort de Chartres and M. Mercier, Superior at Cahokia, the new church in the prairie of the fort was dedicated and named St. Anne.

Pierre D'Artaguet was appointed commandant in 1732 and brought with him two companies of soldiers, four cannon, a number of slaves and settlers. This brought the number in the garrison up to 150 men. A dramatic incident is told of this commandant. Major D'Artaguet led a force of troops out from Fort de Chartres against the Chickasaw Indians. Accompanied by Father Sénat, the Jesuit priest, there were a few regular troops from the fort, dressed in white coats with blue epaulets, a large number of militia from the nearby villages, and many friendly Indians. Weeks later the terrible news was brought back of the French defeat and word that D'Artaguet and Father Sénat together with many others had been taken prisoner and burned at the stake by the Indians.

Major Barthelmy de Makarty the "Irish" commandant arrived at Fort de Chartres in August 1751, with six bateaux and four companies of soldiers. He was instructed to rebuild the fort of stone near Kaskaskia but he preferred the site of the old



Top — Powder magazine, Fort Chartres, oldest standing structure in the Northwest Territory.
Bottom— Foundations of Officers Quarters, Fort Chartres.
(Photos Ill. Dept. Pub. Wks. & Bldgs.).



fort. Makarty was one of the most romantic figures of the early French occupation in Illinois. A Chevalier of the military order of St. Louis, he was of Irish parentage, although brought up in France. He was thought to be a descendent of a refugee of the Cromwellian War. Makarty had long been an officer in the French Army coming to Louisiana in 1730 with the Army engineers.

Born in 1706, Makarty was forty-five years old when he arrived at Fort de Chartres, a man of great energy and ability. He was in command of all French forces in the Illinois Country from 1751 to 1760. Many times the brave commandant lead the soldiers of Fort de Chartres forth to take part in the wars with the Indians and the English. While Makarty was in command at Fort de Chartres, it was feared the English would attack the French settlements and Makarty sent Phillippe Aubry to build a fort on the Ohio River. This, later, was known as Fort Massac. After the English conquered the Illinois Country, Makarty retired to French territory and died in New Orleans in 1764. While at war with England, Makarty was asked to send food from Fort de Chartres to Canada and elsewhere to help the French.

Because of the limited range of the cannon and fire-arms of that day, because of transportation facilities and communications, it was necessary to maintain Fort de Chartres near the Mississippi River. The old fort—built, washed out, rebuilt and altered—never gave satisfaction. After many battles with the Fox Indians, losses of one kind and another, the crown decided, in 1735, to build a permanent fort of rock.

The new stone fort was started in 1751 and finished three years later, from plans drawn by engineer Jean Baptiste Saucier, whose grave is in a cemetery in Cahokia. The cost of the stone fort was two hundred thousand livres, the approximate equivalent of one million dollars. The expenditure nearly broke the French exchequer. It was the most magnificent and finest fort in North America. Great difficulty was encountered in building such a structure in the wilderness. The stones were quarried from bluffs about three miles east, numbered, and carried across the lake on rafts and boats to the site. The walls of stone were 18 feet high and 2 feet thick en-

closing about 4 acres of land in the shape of an irregular quadrangle. An arched gateway 15 feet high had a platform above it reached by stairs. In the 4 bastions of stone there were 8 embrasures, 48 loopholes and a sentry box. Inside the stone walls and surrounding the parade grounds were: the store house, a guard house with a chapel on the first floor and rooms for the priest on the second floor, the government house, a coach house, pigeon house and a well.

There were two rows of barracks, bake ovens, four prison cells and, apart from the other buildings, the powder magazine. The fort easily could accommodate four hundred men, but most of the time did not have that many.

Scarcely had the fort been rebuilt of stone when war broke out between France and England for control of the Ohio valley. For two years the war went in favor of the French and then they began to lose.



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Makarty left Fort de Chartres for New Orleans in 1760. The next commandant was Pierre Neyon Villiers. On February 10, 1763, the Treaty of Paris ended the war.

Although France was defeated, England could not occupy the land in Illinois because of the war between the English and the Indians. Pontiac, the Indian Chief, bitterly opposed to the English, was principally responsible for the delay.

The French flag flew for two years from Fort de Chartres after it had been conquered by the English. Commandant de Villiers left in 1764 for New Orleans taking with him most of the soldiers and many of the

French settlers. Only forty men were left at Fort de Chartres with Louis St. Ange de Bellerive in command.

The English officer Captain Thomas Stirling finally arrived at Fort de Chartres, in October 1765, and St. Ange turned the fort over to him. And so the lilies of France were lowered and the combined crosses of St. George and St. Andrew raised over Fort de Chartres.

The English renamed the fort and village, Cavendish, but the name did not last. Most of the French settlers left the region rather than be ruled by the hated English. In 1772, the fort was abandoned and partially destroyed. Thus came the end of

the last of the French forts from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico.

Today, Fort de Chartres has been reconstructed in one of the most interesting State Parks in Illinois. Using the original foundations, the guard house and chapel have been rebuilt. The main gateway also has been reconstructed. The powder magazine is the only building still standing of the original fort, the oldest structure in the Northwest Territory. The visitor of today may quench his thirst from the identical well, dug in 1754, and used by successive generations to the present day. A museum displays historical relics pertinent to the area.

Egyptian Etchings---Autumn

By JULE LE NARD

NATURE'S priceless pageant . . . from daintiest floweret to towering gnarled oak . . . on hills, in fields, along creeks, plants complete life's cycle—seed, flower, fertile seed again.

Clusters of fruit on vines, bushes, laden boughs . . . ripe wild grapes, purple elderberries, yellow-brown persimmons, brilliant red of rose hips . . . dainty bittersweet . . . fresh green of young winter wheat contrasting with newly plowed fields . . . gourds, pods, nuts . . . tasseled weeds and grasses . . . where once were lovely flowers, gay seed pods hang again . . . balls of sycamore, wings of dogwood, cones of pine . . . dainty parachutes of dandelion and milkweed . . . dust-like spores of fern . . . midst fallen leaves, hickory nuts, acorns, walnuts, and, in the Wabash bottoms, paper shell pecans . . . true vagabonds, tumble weeds blowing hither and thither, dropping seeds to nestle where they will . . . overflowing corncribs, and barnyard stores of fodder . . . apples piled high in shipping sheds . . . fields of sorghum corn ready for the press . . . prize porkers rooting in stubblefields, heavy woolled sheep dotting hillsides, cattle browsing in still green meadows.

Winter harbingers . . . rustling, crunching dried leaves, crackling dead branches . . . smudge and smell of bonfires and burned-over fields . . . fluttering bits of gold, scarlet, bronze on leaf-strewn lawns and lanes . . . squirrels, chipmunks, rabbits, donning heavier fur, gathering winter hoards . . . muskrats making mounds in marshes . . . wild creatures of field and wood seeking rest.

Late blooms . . . lavender thistle, purple ironweed, masses of white, blue, and deep purple asters, stately sunflowers smiling at nodding goldenrod . . . in gardens delicate cosmos, blood red coxcomb, lovely dahlias, vie with gorgeous chrysanthemums.

Unusual . . . ragged fibrous outer bark of cedar hang-

ing in shreds . . . fence-like knees of semi-tropical cypress trees . . . plush-like covering of cone-shaped crimson plumes of sumac . . . great masses of waxy gray-green mistletoe with clusters of silvery-white berries nestling in leafless hickory and black gum trees.

Picturesque . . . abandoned nests in trees, thickets, eaves, and rock crevices . . . masterpieces of weaving and building.

White-throated song sparrows feasting on weed seeds . . . wild geese and ducks resting on placid waters . . . whirling barn swallows, blackbirds dotting wires, scampering quail, and crows perched on fence posts.

Dangling silken threads, gossamer webs on grass, bush and reed, tightly woven silken cocoons, spun spirals on waning, withering flowers, swollen stems sheltering hidden nests—insect life at rest.

Beautiful halo of enchantment . . . soft gray-white mists of dawn, amber haze of midday, purple shades of twilight enveloping mountains, valleys, streams.

Colorfulness . . . sylvan tapestries of brilliant yellow of elm, red of saffrafas, scarlet of maple, flame of sumac, garnet and bronze of oak, deep emerald of evergreens . . . hedges of thorn apple and barberry aflame with brilliant color.

Resplendent in blended hues of rainbow, sunset, afterglow, earthbound creation seemingly strives to match the colorful beauty of the boundless firmament . . . diademed in sparkling frost, robed in radiant raiment, bedecked in glistening dewdrops, autumn, loathe to say farewell, lingers until late December.

Clear, crisp, invigorating air, bluest skies, bountiful harvest . . . inimitable scenic beauty of Nature in her crowning glory of achievement filling all hearts with gratitude to God, renewing faith, hope, courage . . . such is the spiritual, the inspirational charm of Egypt in autumn.

Halfway House

By BARBARA BURR HUBBS

Today a quiet homestead, once it was the stopping place of travelers on the Shawneetown-St. Louis road.

*Egyptian
Key Photo*



RED hollyhocks bloom in the dooryard of Halfway House, to recall the romantic story of Priscilla the Quadroon. The tale begins on a Carolina plantation, where red hollyhocks bloomed round the slave quarters. The second chapter has the Cherokee Indian Reservation in the Great Smoky Mountains for its setting. The happy ending, with the glorious gift of freedom from slavery and a long life of security and usefulness, comes at Halfway House where Barzillia Silkwood was master.

Silkwood, whose first name was often abbreviated to Basil, came from Pennsylvania in 1822 and carved out a homestead in Franklin County, Illinois. His log stable was the first building a white man raised on the lonely stretch of wilderness road that ran between the sites of what are now the towns of West Frankfort and Tamaroa. After fifteen years the village of Mulkeytown began to grow nearby, and after Silkwood's death the railroad replaced the stage route. Nowadays the pavement of State Highway 14 carries the speedy traffic that replaces that of the immigrants and drovers who patronized Halfway House. The paved highway between Benton and Du Quoin is a quarter mile south of the old stage road, and one gets a touch of the past by using a country lane to approach Halfway House. This lane runs north where the Mulkeytown road meets State 14.

A log cabin with just one large room was the home Barzillia Silkwood opened to the traveling public of the 1820's. Its name of Halfway House came from its location, midway between Shawneetown and St. Louis. As the tides of immigration moved westward, the Silkwood tavern was a resting place for many a weary family searching for a new home. As settlers filled the country, traders and peddlers replaced the friendly Indians who had bartered furs for Silkwood's honey. Drovers turned their cattle into Silkwood's pasture, or timed their day's journey to let their turkeys roost overnight in Silkwood's trees. Silkwood himself raised

a good deal of stock that ranged the woods and fields of the two land sections he owned.

The crossing at Little Muddy River near the Silkwood place had been a station of the mail route between Shawneetown and Kaskaskia since territorial days. In 1831, the neighbors asked for a postoffice and the Silkwood tavern was named the convenient location. For nearly twenty-nine years Barzillia Silkwood kept postoffice, receiving his mail bag from the distributing office at Shawneetown. The postman came on horseback, by sulkey, then by stage coach. Later Little Muddy postoffice was transferred to the village of Mulkeytown and its name was changed to correspond.

A chimney stone bears the date 1828, indicative of the years Halfway House has stood. The years have brought many changes. The first addition was an upper story covered with clapboards three feet long and rived out of oak with a frow. After fifty years of prosperity, the logs of the lower story were weatherboarded. Oak pillars were hewn from single trees to support the two-story porches built across both front and back of the house. Other improvements have been made of recent years. But the tiny panes of glass, the low ceilings, and the wooden pegs joining the doorboards remain. The hooks from which the looms and quilting frames were swung may be seen in the ceiling. Mrs. Scott McGlasson is now mistress of Halfway House, where she was born and reared. She is a great-niece of the original occupant.

Barzillia Silkwood was married twice, to the sisters Mahalah and Mariah Dement. Their brother John Dement was one of the heroes of the Black Hawk War and was elected Treasurer of Illinois before he left his home in Egypt for one in Dixon. The Silkwoods had no children of their own, but did their share for the next generation by rearing sixteen orphans, each of whom was given forty acres of land when he or she reached the age for marriage. "Be mindful of the poor"

is the counsel cut upon Barzillia Silkwood's gravestone. It was the line he lived by.

The generosity of that good man's nature was expressed in bitter opposition to slavery, and he lived long enough to see its curse removed from the nation he loved. Once, when Silkwood was away from home, he paid every gold piece in his possession for a Negro boy John, to whom he gave the priceless gift of freedom. The deed was strengthened by keeping John in the Silkwood home until the boy reached twenty-one.

In the winter of 1838, Barzillia Silkwood made a business trip to Jonesboro. There he saw the tragedy that overwhelmed another minority, the Cherokee Indians. His attention was called to the uncertain fate of the Negro slaves owned by some of the wealthier Cherokee. Among them was the quadroon girl called Priscilla. This one unfortunate Silkwood could save. For \$1000 in gold, he bought her from her Cherokee master and took her with him to Halfway House. The girl was welcomed as a member of the family and there she elected to remain and live out her life when her freedom was made absolute. Her devotion to the Silkwoods was admirable. Priscilla was accepted as a respected member of the community and of the Mulkey-

town Christian Church. Mr. Silkwood's will charged his executors with providing for the support of "Priscilla, a colored woman." She lived her full three score and ten, and is buried near her Franklin County home.

Priscilla planted at Halfway House the seeds of the flowers that grew around the cabin in Carolina where she was born. When the master of the plantation died, his property was sold at auction. Priscilla fell to the ownership of a Cherokee. The unhappy girl cast about for some memento of home to carry away with her, and filled her apron pocket with flower seeds. They bloomed for her as she worked in the home of her Indian master, and she took the seeds again when the Cherokee were driven forth. At Halfway House they bloomed again and evoked the memories of childhood's scenes that are cherished by the humblest heart.

Priscilla called her flowers mallows. The small red blooms are a dwarf type of hollyhock, unique among the gardens of Southern Illinois.

EDITOR'S NOTE—An article telling of the trek of the Cherokee appeared in the first issue of the EGYPTIAN KEY.

Lonesome Evening

About twenty-five years ago we had occasion to spend the night in a little Alabama town. Around five o'clock in the evening we sat down in the small lobby of the small hotel and started to read a newspaper. In a short while a voice spoke in our ears: "I beg your pardon, but you're a Northerner, aren't you?"

Proudly but wonderingly we answered, "Yes."

"Will you step outside the hotel with me a few minutes, please?"

It was still broad daylight and he didn't seem to be very big so we stepped out, wondering what new form of touch or racket we were going up against.

Outside the hotel the new acquaintance burst forth, "Gee, I'm glad to see some one from home. I've been down here in this South for more than two months and you're the first Northerner I've come across."

"Where are you from?" we queried.

"St. Louis. Say how about us eating supper together?"

The new acquaintance turned out to be a most pleasing companion, and was so happy to be in the company of "another Northerner" that he stayed up with us until the one-thirty train came.

That man knew how it felt to be marooned in a part of the United States for some length of time, where customs, dialects, and mannerisms were different from those he had been accustomed to. Our fighting boys will appreciate that friend's feeling of joy at the sight of anything reminiscent of home.

For that reason we urge as many of our citizens of Egypt as can to send us a dollar for a year's subscription to the KEY for the recreation center of an army camp. You'll get your money's worth, and many Egyptian boys will enjoy a few hours with friends. Friends like Fountain Bluff, Cave in Rock, Giant City, Dixon Springs, the Wabash River, and on and on. How about it folks?

* * *

In addition to the camps listed in the preceding issue for which subscriptions to the EGYPTIAN KEY have been entered, three more have been put on the subscription list, as the result of three contributions from Egyptians. The three additional camps are: Scott Field, Belleville, Ill.; Fort Custer, Battle Creek, Mich.; and Camp Wolters, Mineral Wells, Texas.

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American Cossack

By KATHARINE QUICK GRIFFITH

Engineer, musician, soldier, born five thousand miles from the land of his adoption; today he is forgotten by the country he fought to save.

MORE than five thousand miles from their native land, two valiant persons lie buried in the National Soldiers Cemetery at Mound City, Illinois. A simple monument carries the inscription:

JOHN B. TURCHIN—Brig. Gen'l., U. S. V.

Dec. 24, 1822 — June 18, 1901

NADINE—His Wife

Nov. 26, 1826 — July 17, 1904.

These two Russians, man and wife, came to America in the summer of 1856. From the time of their arrival upon our shores they were together almost continuously until separated by death. Through glory, disaster, war, illness, fame, and adversity these two rare and colorful characters shared whatever befell.

Born in the province of Don, Russia, the boy was given the name of Ivan Vasilevich Turchaninoff, or mayhap the surname was Turchinoff. Upon his arrival in the United States, the Americans, with their usual ability to shorten words into pithy ones, began to lop off parts of his surname. When the syllables had been chopped off, one at a time, until nothing remained except Turch, the Russian announced that for the benefit of his English speaking friends, he would cut off the tail, but he drew the line of demarcation at Turchin. The Ivan became its English equivalent, John, and Vaselevich reduced to the English Basil.

It is as John Basil Turchin that his fame is known to students of the historic Civil War times. One of the bravest and most gallant of our heroes of that period, little is known by the average American of today about this great man and his wife, Russian-born Americans.

As one reads of the gallant fighting by the Russians on the eastern front of the present war, it is more comprehensible if a look is cast at the same breed in action in the United States.

The lives of General and Madame Turchin before their arrival in this country are considerably clouded in the mists of unreliable information. There are many gaps that have not been filled to date. How John B. Turchin could leave his native land and its army and just come to America without action on the part of Russia is one of the unexplained items of his story. The maiden name of Madame seemingly has been lost in the passing of time.

Most authorities give the date of the General's birth as January 30, 1822. He was born in the Province of Don, Russia, of a father who was a major in the Russian Army. The Turchin of the Civil War was called the "Mad Cossack" but considerable doubt exists about the reality of the term. The facts of his early life are of no great importance to us. What he accomplished in

this country is the basis of his lasting fame.

Young Ivan attended the elementary schools in Russia, then received instruction for three years in a gymnasiya in Novochoerkassk. From this preparatory school he moved to a military school. Some claimed he entered an artillery academy at St. Petersburg and some state he enrolled at a cadet school in the same city. In any event he entered the service of the Czar in 1841, in the horse artillery. He had studied mathematics, engineering, ballistics, gunnery, mechanics, and military tactics.

In 1848-1849, he took part in the Hungarian campaign. Upon completion of his stint in the war, he entered the military academy for the general staff where he was trained in military statistics, geodesy, advanced tactics, military administration, military history, and topography. He was graduated with high honors in 1852, receiving the silver medal award for the highest standing in the final examinations.

Appointed a sub-captain upon graduation, he was assigned to the staff of the Imperial Guards. Promotion was not slow. He advanced rapidly through the intervening grades to that of colonel, the rank he held during the Crimean War in 1854-1856.

Turchin was sent in 1854, along with a naval officer, to the shores of Finland to see where that seacoast should be fortified to repel an invasion by England and France should such be attempted. His recommendations were adopted. Upon the threat of an Austrian invasion, Turchin headed a reserve army in Poland. From there he was ordered to Moscow to arrange for the arrival of troops which were to come to the capital for the coronation of Czar Alexander II. The routine of this assignment did not appeal to him so he obtained a year's leave, supposedly to go to a health resort at Marienbad, Austria. Instead, he and his wife journeyed to England, from where they sailed for America in the summer of 1856.

Madame Turchin had some moderate means of her own with which a small farm was purchased on Long Island. For one year the Turchins remained close to the farm spending the time learning the English language. The farm sold, they moved to Philadelphia where Turchin entered an engineering college.

Later, employment was obtained from various enterprises, none of which offered the opportunities sought. Mattoon, Illinois, saw the arrival of the Turchins in 1858. The town was then one of the new towns springing into life along the route of the Illinois Central Railroad. At the time of their arrival in Mattoon, about 150 houses and buildings made up the settlement. Immediately Turchin obtained employment with a construction firm.

One year later the Russian pair moved again, this time to the young but energetic city of Chicago. George B. McClellan, later commanding general of the Northern Armies in the Civil War, was at the time vice-president and chief engineer of the Illinois Central Railroad. McClellan, a former army man, had been sent to Russia, to study the tactics and innovations evolved during the Crimean War. In Russia, McClellan and Turchin met.

In Chicago, Turchin accepted the position of topographical engineer with the Illinois Central. The native of America and the native of Russia, born five thousand miles apart, found a common subject of interest in Chicago. Many hours were spent by the two men in discussions of military science. When General Nathaniel P. Banks succeeded McClellan as chief engineer of the railroad, the discussions were continued by Turchin and Banks. It was not long until all three men were to put to test the ideas and plans made in those Chicago railroad offices.

Shortly after the guns at Fort Sumter ignited a four year blaze, the Nineteenth Illinois Regiment desired an experienced commander. The post was tendered to Turchin who immediately accepted it. He received his commission June 17, 1861.

From that time the Nineteenth Illinois and Turchin made military history. Colonel Turchin was an arresting sight at the head of his regiment. Of large powerful physique, heavy mustache and beard, piercing blue eyes set below a huge forehead, all cast in a Slavic mold, the "Mad Cossack" made a most impressive appearance with his heavy head of flaxen hair streaming out from beneath his hat.

The regiment was composed of over one thousand officers and men recruited from Chicago and downstate. Some were fairly well-trained soldiers and some were raw recruits. The genius of the Russian soon fashioned his regiment into one of the best trained in the entire Northern Army.

On July 12, 1861, the regiment marched through streets crowded with cheering Chicago citizens to entrain for the field of action. One woman accompanied the regiment. She was Madame Turchin.

From Chicago the regiment first went to Quincy, Illinois, on the east bank of the Mississippi River, across from the state of Missouri. The regiment relieved the Twenty-first Illinois, commanded by an inconspicuous man who eternally smoked a black cigar, Ulysses S. Grant.

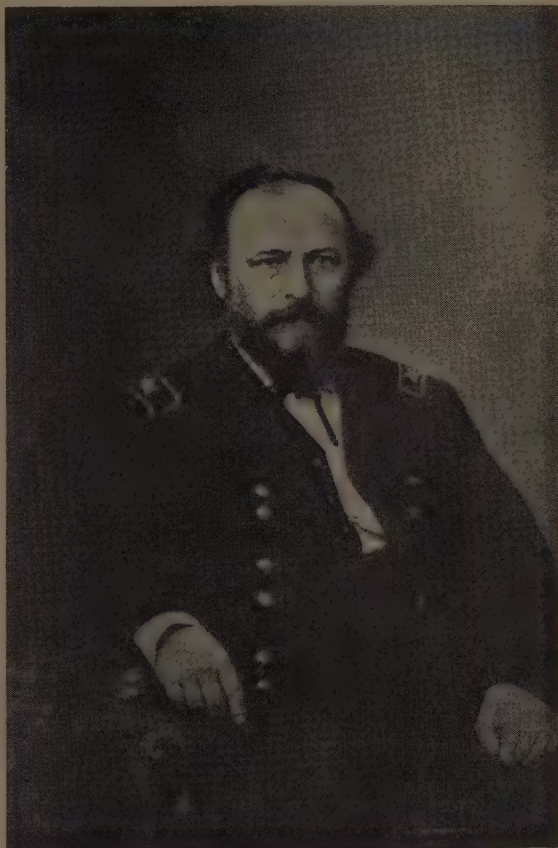
After some time spent guarding railroads and routing secessionists on the Missouri side of the river, the regiment went to St. Louis and from there eastward into Kentucky. One woman accompanied the regiment throughout its journey — Madame Turchin.

The Nineteenth Illinois was ordered to Washington, in September, to join the Army of the Potomac. It never reached its destination. Near Vincennes, Indiana, a bridge collapsed beneath one of the trains carrying the soldiers. Six coaches went into the river, 25 men were killed, 105 injured, 7 of whom died later. Madame Turchin labored with the rescuers alongside her husband whose powerful body forced an ax through the sides of the cars to rescue the crushed men. Many of the soldiers had their wounds bandaged by Madame Turchin with pieces of her own clothes. In the water, surrounded by the horror and confusion of the wreck, the Russian-born

woman worked in the moonlight aiding in the rescue.

The wreck changed the plans for the regiment. As it recovered from its wounds at Cincinnati, Ohio, and at Louisville and Elizabethtown, Kentucky, new recruits to replace the dead and injured were trained by the Colonel to rebuild his regiment to its proper fighting efficiency.

By the time the regiment was functioning again, the fame of its efficiency was beginning to spread. A writer in the *Chicago Record Herald*, at a later date, said: "[Turchin's] Russian methods, crossed with American patriotism, soon made that regiment a shining light of



Brig. Gen. John B. Turchin

discipline and efficiency." Brigadier General Buell, a West Point graduate, said to Colonel Turchin: "I have never seen a better drilled regiment than yours."

In a short time Buell put Turchin in command of a brigade although not raising him in rank. When Buell's army began its march southward Turchin's brigade led the advance. Nashville and Murfreesboro, Tennessee, were occupied in February and March. As the troops marched and fought, Madame Turchin was busy in the wagon ambulance. In April, the brigade made a raid into Huntsville, Alabama, cutting off the Confederates from communication with the east and southeast. Turchin's promotion was imminent.

Athens, Alabama, was occupied by Turchin. After considerable bloody fighting he held the town. Immedi-

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ately complaint was made of the actions of Turchin's men. Charges were made of sacking the town, of abuses to southern women, of stealing personal property, and all other sorts of claims. General Mitchell, Turchin's immediate superior, made an investigation and exonerated Turchin. General Buell, probably beginning to become jealous of the Mad Cossack's success, ordered the arrest of Turchin and his court martial.

General James A. Garfield, later to be president of the United States, headed the court. Turchin plead guilty only to one charge, that of having his wife with him, in violation of military regulations. All other charges he denied, emphatically.

The crowded courtroom, filled by Southerners, was antagonistic toward the Colonel. His men loyally supported him. When the findings of the court martial were announced he was judged guilty and ordered dismissed from the service.

The report of the court martial was forwarded to Washington for review. President Abraham Lincoln, another citizen of Illinois, with a typical Lincoln touch, promoted Colonel Turchin to the rank of brigadier general, thus automatically setting aside the verdict.

The actual sequence of the events surrounding the court martial seem to be in dispute. Some of the authorities tell of the Colonel's return to Chicago where Madame Turchin was awaiting him and of the great outpouring of citizens to give him a stupendous ovation, followed by a reception. Some authorities tell most dramatically of the arrival of a messenger at the reception, bearing the commission of brigadier general direct from President Lincoln, furnishing thereby an immense climax to the celebration.

Mary A. Livermore in her *My Story of the War* tells of Madame Turchin's journey to Washington to present to President Lincoln the true facts of the affair, and of her return to Alabama, where immediately upon the verdict of guilty by the court martial, she dashed into the courtroom waving the commission of brigadier general from the President, thereby bringing discomfiture to the accusers and prosecutors.

Regardless of the exact methods employed, Lincoln made the promotion and thus the court martial was overruled. In March 1863, General Turchin rejoined the army, taking command of the Third Brigade of the Fourth Division.

At Chickamauga, in September and at Missionary Ridge in November, Turchin starred. Bayonet charges were inaugurated by him at Chickamauga. The General fought at the head of his troops, at one time penetrating so far into the enemy lines as to be completely surrounded. He turned back to his men, cut his way through the enemy, "actually bringing with him three hundred prisoners." When a horse was shot from under him he carried on on foot.

The heights of Missionary Ridge were scaled by Turchin's troops, leading the advance on the extreme left. Military experts claim this battle opened the way for Sherman's march to Atlanta.

When Sherman marched to the sea, Turchin fought as far as the Chattahoochee River. Within six miles of the Atlantic Ocean, the General suffered a sunstroke. With the realization that the term of enlistment of the Nineteenth Illinois was shortly to end, Turchin arranged for its transfer to his command so that he and the now

famous regiment could finish their service together. Only 45 officers and 239 men remained of the original contingent that started from Chicago in 1861.

As a result of the sunstroke Turchin was sent home on a leave of absence. Seeing that the Confederacy was through, he resigned his commission, retiring from service October 4, 1864. Eddy in his *Patriotism of Illinois*, describes the General at that time as: "A man of medium stature and strong frame, slightly inclined to corpulence, with a massive well-formed head, and a face full of intelligence. His countenance is very expressive and betokens the union of a rare and delicate humor with great inflexibility of will and decision of purpose. He is impulsive, full of energy, thinks, and acts quickly, and is rarely placed in that position where he cannot master resources to meet its emergencies."

Back in Chicago again, still a young man of forty-two and energetic, General Turchin began the publication of pamphlets designed to show the errors of the army in the Civil War, in the hope of having them corrected. In addition, he became a solicitor of patents, until 1870, when he again took up the practice of engineering.

Two years after the great Chicago fire of 1871, the General entered into an agreement with the Illinois Central Railroad. He gathered together a number of the Polish immigrants living in and around Chicago and took them approximately three hundred miles south on the Illinois Central, to Washington County, where he established the town of Radom, named for a city in Poland. The Polish settlers began the cultivation of the prairieland in the neighborhood.

In a dozen years, five hundred Polish families were living in the community. Their houses were built of logs, plastered on the inside with a clay-lime mixture in the style of the homes back in Poland. Radom had a church, a school, a saloon, two stores, and two blacksmith shops. Two Catholic priests looked after the spiritual welfare of the community assisted by two sisters of charity.

A farm of eighty acres half a mile from the village of Radom was Turchin's, his pay for handling the development project. Unsuccessful as a crop raiser, General Turchin rented the land but he and his wife, Nadine, lived in the house.

The General's time was taken up by occasional lectures around the country on "The Battle of Missionary Ridge"; with the writing of books and pamphlets; and the playing of his violin. His violin, a Brescia, two hundred and fifty years old, was his means of relaxation and inspiration.

The Fergus Printing Company, of Chicago, published in 1888, Turchin's book, *Chickamaugua*. A volume of three hundred pages, it is valuable as a historic record of that great military engagement. The General could not refrain from setting down his opinions and impressions of the worth of his contemporaries, writing most acidly of McClellan, Buell, Halleck, and others.

At the age of seventy, Turchin was becoming infirm, and was without a steady means of support. Some income was obtained by giving concerts throughout Egypt. His violin playing was not of the best and the returns were small. A concert was arranged for in Chicago, with the idea of a great out-pouring of his friends and admirers to hear him perform on his violin. The piteousness of the Civil War hero, attempting at his advanced age, to give a concert, was too much for his



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friends. His musical inability was too much for the other attendants at the concert. He finished playing almost to empty seats.

Proud, the General would not disclose his need. His Polish neighbors helped him with food and funds. He became bitter at the injustice of the world. In a desperate effort to attain enough funds to insure a comfortable old age, he began to speculate in land, only to lose the home that sheltered Madame and himself. He built a small house nearby where he and his wife lived to the end.

Washington, with its usual deafness to the needs of its heroes, could not get about giving the old General aid. Senator Foraker, of Ohio, tried to obtain passage of a bill granting a pension to the General. Finally Congress voted him \$50 a month. Such is the reward of patriotism.

The ingratitude of man began to prey upon the General's mind. His neighbors discovered one day in April, 1901, that he had taken his entire library out into the yard and was burning all his books. They were able to save some of them.

The mental breakdown then was evident. The General was taken to the Illinois State Hospital at Anna, where Dr. Samuel Dodds attributed his mental difficulties to the sunstroke suffered in 1864.

At the age of seventy-nine, on June 18, 1901, General Turchin died. The American flag covered his casket as it was escorted by members of the Grand Army of the Republic to the National Soldiers Cemetery at Mound City.

An ungrateful republic had made the last years of its hero's life sad and pitiful. Not born an American, Gen-

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eral Turchin offered his all, even his life, to the service of his adopted country.

The widow of the gallant general was refused a pension at first and was forced to live on the charity of the veterans of Turchin's brigade. Senators Foraker and Mason later were successful in obtaining passage of an act of Congress granting Madame Turchin a pension of \$50 a month. This was given her for "personal services during the war."

In battle, Madame Turchin many times rushed to the front line to cheer and urge on the men. She nursed the wounded and the sick. She stopped those retreating in panic. She was idolized by the men of the General's command. There is no picture or portrait of her known to exist.

Mary A. Livermore in *My Story of the War* says of Madame Turchin: "I met her at Springfield, Illinois, when her husband's regiment was there waiting marching orders. Fine looking, but unmistakably foreign in appearance and manner, she was intensely loyal and thoroughly American in her sympathies and interests. She was as popular with the men of her husband's regiment as she had been with the Russian soldiers commanded by her father. They went to her with their illness and troubles, and she received them with kindness, a deal of playful badinage, and a very careful nursing when it was needed. In the spring of 1862, when the Nineteenth Illinois was actively engaged in Tennessee, Colonel Turchin was taken seriously ill, and was carried for days in an ambulance. Madame Turchin not only nursed her husband most tenderly, but took his place at the head of the regiment—the men in the ranks, and the subordinate officers, according her implicit obedience. She was not one whit behind her husband in courage or military skill. Utterly devoid of fear, and manifesting perfect indifference to shot or shell, or minie balls, even when they fell thickly around her, she led the troops into action, facing the hottest fire, and fought bravely at their head. When her husband was able to resume his command, she gave herself again to the care of the sick and wounded, in the field hospital."

Upon her death, July 17, 1904, at the age of seventy-eight, Madame Turchin was buried alongside her husband in the National Soldiers Cemetery at Mound City. A special act of Congress made this possible. The one tombstone bears both names so that in death as well as in life they travel together.

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Egyptorials

Dealt Out Again

On December 3rd, the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the statehood of Illinois was celebrated. Partially celebrated, that is. The place of the birth was forgotten. With the customary dealing out of the picture of Egypt, the celebration was held at Vandalia.

The committee appointed to arrange for the proper observance of the occasion, with one exception, was composed of citizens of central and northern Illinois. The result was somewhat like a banquet honoring a great man without that great man being present.

One hundred and twenty-five years ago the State of Illinois came into being at Kaskaskia. That town was the capital of the State for the first two years of its life. To be consistent, some part of the celebration should have been held at Fort Kaskaskia State Park. Some portion of the glamor of the day should have been allotted to Egypt to whom the entire state owes its existence.

For some unknown reason Egypt passes out of the minds of the State authorities except at election time. It makes no difference from what political party come the officials, they seem to be completely unaware there is a part of Illinois commonly called Egypt.

The merchant who does not advertise complains about poor business. The customer at the edge of the crowd at an auction sale has to shout louder than those in the front row. Egypt is a considerable distance from Springfield. Maybe we don't make ourselves heard!

Throw That Brick!

On page 27 of this issue, the EGYPTIAN KEY offers a few suggestions for the betterment of Egypt. These offerings are not intended to be complete or final. They are offered with the expectation of having both them and us cussed and discussed, of being laughed at, of being ignored. Nevertheless we will not cease to shout for a betterment of Egypt.

If you have any other ideas for the good of Egypt, shoot them to us. We will print them in the next issue. EGYPTIAN KEY would like a full and free discussion of this matter.

But in any event let's do something!

New Style Suggestion for Congress

In this issue of the EGYPTIAN KEY there is a story of Senator William E. Borah. Mention is made therein several times of his wonderful speeches delivered before the Senate of the United States.

Every school boy is familiar with Patrick Henry's

famous "Give me liberty or give me death." Students in the higher classes know Webster's reply to Hayne. We all remember the address of Franklin D. Roosevelt upon that historic day, just two years ago, when he so scathingly indicted the Japs and their allies, following Pearl Harbor.

The pity is that the innumerable speeches made in our great legislative halls of the nation's capital have been embalmed in cold type and filed away in the reference books or the Congressional Record.

Such a modern nation as the United States should keep abreast of the times. Equipment should be installed in our national halls to take motion pictures with sound. Senators and congressmen could notify the presiding officer of their intention to speak upon an important subject and the picture and sound men then would go into action.

Imagine the thrill that would have been yours if, when a boy or girl, you could have seen and heard Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Albert J. Beveridge, and the many other giants of the legislative chambers, deliver their great orations. Think of the thrill succeeding generations would get. History would become alive.

What has passed cannot be recalled but the future can be preserved for our posterity.

Egyptian Fruit

Customers of the restaurant in the Illinois Hotel, Springfield, find on the menu card among the fruit choices "Southern Illinois home canned Peaches." It pleases us to know that Bob Dineen, the proprietor of the hotel realizes the fame of Southern Illinois peaches.

Why do not the restaurants and cafes and dining rooms of Egypt make it a practice to feature on their menus all fruits and vegetables that are home grown. If so labeled, the concerted effort would in time pound home to the visitors of the region, the quality and quantity of our Southern Illinois products.

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Herrin is planting flowering crab along her streets in a city-beautifying campaign. A fine idea. Why should not each Egyptian town choose some specific tree, flower, or shrub and specialize on it? Red Bud is known far and wide for its red bud; Cairo is noted for its magnolia trees; now Herrin joins the parade with flowering crab.

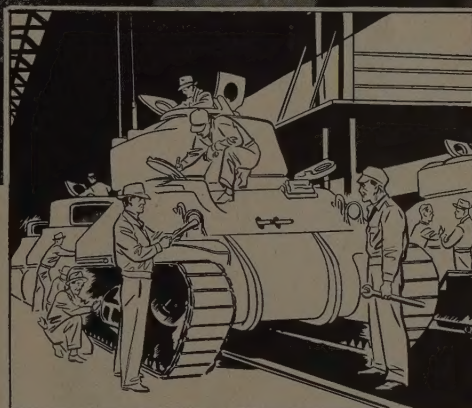
Although these touches may not seem important to us, they are just the items that bring visitors to a community and cause favorable comment. Let us have more of this far-sightedness.

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O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say, does that star spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?*

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

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